Poteen

By

WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON

Author of "Pens & Pirates"

The following extracts are from a review of "POTEEN" by E. W. Harrold, Literary Editor of the Ottawa CITIZEN

. . . Deacon, I have said, has courage. I point in substantiation to his "Survey" of Canadian literature, to his "Note on Censorship" and to "What a Canadian Has Done for Canada".

The "Survey" is a critical outline of Canadian literature (without being exhaustive) and an attempt to estimate at their correct value some of the more eminent figures who have graced the native letters. Naturally, the poets occupy prior place in this as in any other survey. And Deacon's verdicts are likely to cause some acute heart-searching among the literati of the land. Nay, consternation will reign in the literary Vatican when his shameless views reach its inner chambers.

. . . Not less important as his estimate of the poets, is the author's examination of the prose literature of Canada. He begins at the beginning, and the first figure of national proportions is Haliburton. . . . Deacon is under no delusions as to the position and merit of Canadian prose. I share with him the belief that the swing from verse now in process is a significant and encouraging sign.

. . . I commend "POTEEN" to your notice. It is a book of uncommon charm and value, written by one who has opinions and knows how to express them.

POTEEN

WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON

Cover & Jacket by
Alan B. Beddoe

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_S0-BUX-103

POTEEN

WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON

The Thunder Bird

A Mark of Canadian Quality

POTEEN

A Pot-Pourri of Canadian Essays

WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON

Author of
PENS AND PIRATES
PETER McARTHUR

OTTAWA
THE GRAPHIC PUBLISHERS LIMITED
1926

Copyright in Canada, 1926.
By William Arthur Deacon.

Copyright in the United States
of America, 1925, by
William Arthur Deacon.

PRODUCED ENTIRELY IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Preface

"The Bogey of Annexation" is reprinted from *The American Mercury*. "What a Canadian Has Done for Canada" and "Making the Bible Safe for Democracy" are reprinted from *Saturday Night*. The former was also published in the *Literary Review* of the *New York Evening Post*. The discussion of the histories of Canadian literature first appeared in *Willison's Monthly*. "The Cult of Whitman" is the text of an address delivered before the Whitman Fellowship of Toronto, May 31, 1925, on the occasion of the 106th anniversary of the poet's birth.

The constant demands made upon me for information on the subject are responsible for the "Canadian Literature" section, offered to the many who seek primary instruction in brief space. The "Survey" is unambitious, making no pretense at rivalling the more detailed studies formerly published, my aim being to supply a sketch that can be read at a sitting. In its present form the essay is a version, expanded four-fold, of an article by me in the *New York Times Book Review*. The supplementary "Anthologies" chapter assumes that the reader desires to purchase a volume of specimens of the art of Canadian poets; and the "Histories" chapter assumes further that the reader is now ready to continue his study at greater length. The purpose of the "Book List" is to indicate some Canadian books that may be read with pleasure and profit; it is tendered by way of suggestion only, and no attempt has been made either to include all worthy Canadian books, or to define the "hundred best".

W. A. D.

To my Mother

▽

in memory of the countless hours
you spent reading to the
little boy

CONTENTS

	Page
The Bogey of Annexation	1
A Note on the Censorship	29
What a Canadian Has Done for Canada	51
Edward Carpenter	65
Whiter than Snow	85
The Cult of Whitman	97
The Wages of Sin	105
A Theory of Book-Reviewing	117
Making the Bible Safe for Democracy	131
Canadian Literature:—	
Prelude	141
Brief Survey of Canadian Literature in the English Language	145
A Guide to the Anthologies	187
The First Histories of Canadian Literature	207
Book-list	221
Where Canadian Poets May Be Found	233

THE BOGEY OF ANNEXATION

ANY statement of the national sentiment at a particular time about any specific question is valueless without knowledge of that nation's history and an understanding of the character of its people. Germany was taken by surprise when England declared war in 1914 because German statesmen had underestimated certain factors. Military unpreparedness, suffragette disturbances, Irish troubles and a dozen indications of domestic and imperial strife pointed to the conclusion, proved utterly false in the event, that Britain would not, and could not, fight. In much the same way the American business man of to-day reads a few snatches from Canadian newspapers, glances at trade and population statistics, takes a squint at the map of North America, and sits back confident that in five or ten years at the most Canada will be applying humbly for admission to the Union. What he seems slow to realize is Canada's position in the Empire, and real attitude toward it; and the nationalistic sentiments and aspirations of Canadians, which have their roots far back in the 162 years of the country's history as British territory.

After the Seven Years' War, during which Quebec fell to Wolfe in 1759, England was by no means proud

of her new possession; instead she was keen to own the little island of Guadeloupe for sugar was just beginning to be an important commodity. France being equally anxious to retain the island—in preference to Canada—a deadlock in the peace negotiations lasted until Benjamin Franklin, who later became Canada's first postmaster-general, pointed out that, while Canada was worthless in itself, it might be dangerous from a military standpoint to have a foreign power situated so near the New England colonies. So Canada became British. The American Revolution hastened the granting to Canada in 1791 of representative government and extensive control of her internal affairs; but George Canning, British foreign minister, was sure that it was only a matter of a few years until Canada would join the revolted colonies, and therefore all attention to Canadian affairs by the British Parliament was a waste of time. This opinion has been held by many Englishmen until quite recent years. When Sir John A. Macdonald and his Canadian associates went to England in 1866 to obtain ratification of their plan for federating the provinces, which included complete autonomy as to internal affairs, their business was treated as of negligible importance. Macdonald compared the progress of the bill granting Canada a national constitution to "a private bill uniting two or three English parishes". Sir A. T. Galt, one of the Canadian delegates, said that

England was possessed of "a servile fear of the United States" and would prefer to abandon Canada rather than defend it against that country. Among the English statesmen engaged, Bright and Gladstone were indifferent, while Sir Frederic Rogers merely looked on the federation "as a decent preparation for divorce". During the latter part of the 19th century, Toronto was the home of Goldwin Smith, an eminent English essayist and writer on political matters, who had been private tutor to King Edward VII; and no stronger advocate of annexation has ever lived. All of which facts are intended to indicate that the British connection has been maintained by the will of the Canadian people in spite of the apathy, and often gross ignorance, of the English people and their statesmen. Since the late war, Canada has become a land of promise in the minds of the English masses, and Canadian opinion is taken into consideration by the framers of imperial policies at Westminster; the secession of Canada from the Empire would now be considered a grave matter by the inhabitants of Great Britain; but no one believes that force would be used to prevent Canada leaving if she stated her intention of doing so.

Neither British nor Americans have ever been able to see exactly why Canada has wished to maintain her transmarine connections. Consequently, at her slightest move, her representatives are always having to deny

the rumor of her incipient apostasy, which the English have always expected, and latterly feared, and which many Americans have long awaited with the complacent expectancy of a spider watching a fly in the vicinity of its web. That they have both been waiting for over a century does not seem to convince either of them that the event is not imminent, any more than a millennial dawner loses faith in his theory because all previous predictions of the date of the world's end have proved false. When W. L. Mackenzie King, the then premier and a grandson of William Lyon Mackenzie, the leader of the 1837 rebellion, was in London recently, he was kept busy denying the assertions of the London newspapers that Canada was about to withdraw. Sir Robert Falconer, President of the University of Toronto, speaking to the Pilgrim's Club, London, on May 11, 1925 said: "At one time there was talk [in England] about annexation *because Canada was dragging Britain into North American questions.* Such talk is never heard now, except sometimes among ourselves [Canadians], when people get depressed." He had gone to England to deliver a course of lectures upon "The United States as a Neighbour", so that his remarks were not the idle utterances of a casual after-dinner speaker.

British fears are based upon a misconception of Canadian nationalistic aims and aspirations, American hopes upon ignorance of the historical experiences that

over several generations have left upon the Canadian mind a deep impress, which cannot be ignored in a discussion of the likelihood of Canada's union with the United States, since it colors, and at times dominates, the Canadian's political outlook. The history of Canada's constitutional development is a series of steps toward completer autonomy than any part of any previous empire has known. For the last 60 years Canada has been in control of her internal affairs with representative and responsible government and a constitution similar to that of Great Britain, the Governor-General (an English appointee) taking the place of the King as titular head of the Government, and the premier, here as there, being the actual head of both legislative and executive branches. Once or twice Governors-General did not quite understand, and tried to govern; but the last instance of that was a long time ago. At first international relations were theoretically and actually in the hands of Great Britain, but gradually Canada began negotiating directly with the United States and other powers: if a treaty of magnitude resulted, Great Britain signed on behalf of Canada; but a hundred little deals and arrangements have been made without the intervention of Great Britain at all. Need being felt for a Canadian diplomatic representative in Washington, a plan has been devised for such an official, who is to be an appointee of the Canadian government, authorized

to substitute for the British Ambassador when Canadian business is forward. It was the United States, however, and not Great Britain, that required this representative to be, nominally, a plenipotentiary of Great Britain.

Canadian nationalism did not begin with the late war: that merely helped to crystallize and reveal it to the world. Canada entered the war hastily, and without stipulations: she took care that in quitting it she did so with due recognition that she had fought as a free nation. She signed the Peace of Versailles and was accorded membership in the League of Nations. Ever since, she has guarded jealously her national status, as her ratification of the Turkish Peace shows. When England had negotiated that peace, a cablegram reached Ottawa demanding Canada's consent to the terms, which were unknown to the Canadian ministers, and in spite of the fact that Parliament was not sitting. To shorten a long and rather humorous story, the Canadian Government, in the face of Great Britain's desire for haste, only ratified peace with Turkey several months later, after debate in the Canadian House of Commons. This whole episode was a significant gesture only. Canada's relations with Turkey are not such that she was vitally interested in the terms; but Canadian statesmen of both parties have long made it plain that Canada will not consider herself bound to assist in the enforcing of treaties in whose making she took no hand. Declara-

tions to this effect were made repeatedly in the House of Commons by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Liberal Premier, by his successor Sir Robert Borden, Conservative Premier, by Mr. Meighen, the Unionist Premier, and by Mr. King, Liberal Premier. Thus the last four premiers are agreed upon the principle that Canada can only be bound by her own acts and covenants.

When Sir John A. Macdonald succeeded in federating the provinces, he wished the country called "The Kingdom of Canada"; and this was only vetoed by British statesmen for fear it would offend American susceptibilities. Had this name been used instead of "Dominion", Englishmen would have been quicker to recognize Canada as a sister nation of freemen, entitled to all political liberties and advantages in like measure. Since Canada has never encountered any serious difficulties from England in the attainment of her ambitions, it is altogether likely that the dream of an independent and sovereign state in closest alliance with Great Britain will be realized eventually as the logical conclusion of Canada's steady progress through the various stages of autonomy; and, if so, Great Britain will ultimately find that the bogey of secession was only an imaginary terror, and that she is much better off with a strong, self-reliant ally than she could ever be with a colony, no matter how "loyal". But it must never be forgotten that the British connection has been maintained primarily by the

will of the Canadian people; and that in speculating as to his country's destiny no Canadian is withheld from advocating independence or annexation out of fear that Great Britain might use military measures to force Canada to remain a part of the Empire.

Goldwin Smith predicted and advocated the annexation of Canada to the United States on the grounds that the natural lines of trade on this continent lay north and south, and that the countries were not divided by language, or by racial origin or creed except in the case of Quebec. In order to have a nation at all it was necessary to build transcontinental railways at great expense, and many of the difficulties which Goldwin Smith foresaw have materialized; but his prophecy remains unfulfilled because sentiment plays a larger part in national affairs than he, and others, were willing to believe. And here we touch the very basis of present popular misconceptions in the United States. For the mention of sentiment will doubtless convey to an American reader a sentimental attitude on the part of the Canadian for the land where his father, or his great-great-grandfather, was born. In reality, this sentiment is far less of a romantic love for the British Isles than the outcome of Canada's relations with the United States.

At the time of the American Revolution, Canada was essentially a French colony England had acquired

almost unwillingly: the first important wave of immigration came from the United States, and was made up of people who had been driven from their homes because they were opposed to the Revolution. In the United States they were known as royalists: in Canada they were called Loyalists; and they established a tradition, and founded a national sentiment, which has affected the whole trend of Canadian thought and of which the present Canadian nationalistic movement is a natural outgrowth. They had been assured protection in the revolting colonies; but Alexander Hamilton, yielding to popular demand, confiscated their property: so they came to their new homes with a grudge and a grievance, believing they had been hardly and dishonorably used. About 100,000 of them came in all, settling in the Maritime Provinces, in Quebec and in Ontario. A great proportion represented the old colonial aristocracy, and were persons of wealth and education. Into Nova Scotia alone in the first migration went no less than 200 graduates of Harvard and 200 graduates of other colleges, including the Chief Justice and three out of the four puisne judges of the Superior Court of Massachusetts. They were used to North American life and while they went as exiles, sorrowing for their old homes, they were imbued with a love for free institutions, and early determined to build up in the north the kind of country they had desired to make of the American colonies.

Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton ("Sam Slick") was the Nova Scotia born son of one of these Loyalists. In a recent biography of him Dr. J. D. Logan says: "The Loyalist *emigrés* of Nova Scotia, even past Haliburton's earlier days, continued to regard the revolutionists of the United States as renegades so inferior to themselves in birth and culture that eventually the vulgar democracy of the United States would of necessity become self-cancered, and the people politically enfeebled. Meanwhile the descendants of the exiled Tory aristocrats would grow into a mighty people in British North America, and this new, strong nation in due season would win over the enfeebled Republic to join with them."

Since Canada has only one neighbor, all her difficulties have been with the United States in disputes over boundaries, fisheries and other matters. Arbitrations have always given the Republic what Canadians consider the best end of the deal; and they attribute this long list of disappointments not so much to the shrewdness of the American negotiators as to the general willingness of Great Britain's representatives to conciliate the United States without due regard to Canadian interests. Though, happily, there has been no war of aggression against Canada by the United States for 112 years, the Fenian raids during the middle of the last century were looked upon as an unofficial attempt at

invasion, and it may be that the numerical superiority of the Americans, and their evident desire for expanded boundaries, caused a mild apprehension as to their ultimate intention respecting Canada.

If any one doubts the power of anti-American sentiment to rouse the Canadian people to precipitate action, he need only review the history of the "reciprocity" negotiations of 1911 to find proof. The Liberal Government of the day had arranged a tariff deal with the United States so far-reaching that a general election was held to give the Government its mandate for ratifying the treaty. Most sound financial critics agreed that the terms were fair and promised solid benefits to Canada; but comparatively little fiscal argument was used by Conservative orators, who had only to wave the flag, to hint that this was the thin edge of the wedge in the "commercial conquest of Canada", in order to win their audiences. The election resulted in an unprecedented Conservative landslide. Whether Canadian fears were justified is outside the scope of this enquiry, the case being cited merely to show how little economic advantage will weigh with the Canadian voter if he is asked to endorse an annexation policy.

If this phase of the question appears to be overstressed here, it is only because Americans do not seem to understand the situation, and are all too ready to accept at their face value the compliments they are

tendered at formal banquets. They see the enormous consumption of American goods, the circulation of American books, magazines and movie films, and calculate hastily that "the Americanization of Canada" is in its last stage, whereas, if they saw beneath the surface, they would discover a deep, steady resentment of all such "influences", which often have precisely the reverse effect of that presumed by Americans. The movie is supposed to be the subtlest, most penetrating, of these influences. In the year following the armistice, the chauvinistic tendency of the Hollywood producers, with their exclusive glorification of the United States soldier, led to such a feeling of revulsion on the part of Canadian "fans" that Peter McArthur, a prominent Canadian author and journalist, felt impelled to write a book called "The Affable Stranger", whose avowed purpose was to allay Canadian hatred of the United States. The press has no more staple editorial pabulum than deploring American influence; and more than one serious attempt has been made to secure legislation that would tend to curtail the circulation of American periodicals in Canada.

To obviate misunderstanding, it should be added that the Canadian dislike is for "Americanism", and not Americans, who, *as individuals*, are found exceptionally congenial by the average Canadian, who generally finds them more like himself, and therefore easier to under-

stand and get on with than the average Englishman. Large numbers of Canadians and descendants of Canadians are living in American cities, and usually retain their connections with Canada and their sense of Canadian nationality, in contrast to the American settler in Canada who soon loses his identity with the United States; and these expatriate Canadians contribute to the general friendliness that undoubtedly exists between people on both sides of the international boundary. Canadians also are immensely proud of their 4,000 mile unarmed frontier, and the international goodwill that makes it possible. It is only the aggressive, flag-flapping citizen of the Republic, loudly disdainful of all he sees outside his own country, who fails to find Canadians friendly to him. But it is not this type of American visitor that causes the Canadian to shy instinctively from union. It is the idea of absorption that is repugnant, and not a dislike of ill-bred specimens, and much less of the better class of American citizens, who usually penetrate into this country as tourists or on business. Canada and the United States can be the best neighbor nations the world has ever seen; but they will be more friendly as separate political units, and it is only political fusion that would breed bitterness.

Lately American readers of our journals, and American travellers in Canada, have been unduly impressed by talk of secession of the Maritime Provinces and of

the Western Provinces. In the Toronto *Star* of February 21, 1925, more than a page was devoted to a sensational article entitled "Will Maritime Provinces Quit Canada?" which outlined the grievances of eastern Canadians. Even in the House of Commons some such threat was made, though it was generally interpreted as a bluff to draw attention to the needs of the people along the Atlantic. Picking up a book like "The Canadian Provinces" by John Nelson, the foreign reader would certainly get the impression that the Dominion was divided into sections so alien from each other in aims that unity is non-existent except on paper, and that each section is in somewhat of an impasse, at its wits' end, and taking it for granted that it need not look for help, nor even understanding, to any other section. It is true that the Canadian desires to prosper; it is also true that the distances and the sparsity of population tend to regional rather than national thinking; and it is equally true that all the rumors of provincial secession from the Dominion arise from sectional discontent in money matters. But, as the question is being threshed out, it is asked repeatedly: What have political affiliations to do with it, and in what way could the situation be improved by the secession of any province from the Dominion, or the secession of the Dominion from the Empire, or the affiliation of the Dominion with the United States?

The Canadian pays less in taxes than the resident of Great Britain, but more than the American citizen. The national debt of $3,000,000,000 is accounted for largely by the war, to which has been added very heavy expenditures laid out for the acquiring and maintaining of the Canadian National Railways. Like all tax-payers, everywhere, the Canadian grumbles that he is paying too much. But separation from England certainly would not relieve him of his obligations, and no one in his right mind supposes that the 48 states of the Union would pay his debts—even for the pleasure of his company.

Besides high taxes, which cripple trade to some extent, and certainly cause wide-spread discontent, there has been a business depression following war-time high prices, and intimately connected with the tariff policies of the United States. Nearly a century ago Sam Slick, in satirizing the Nova Scotians, said: "They buy more nor they sell, and eat more nor they raise." So far has this condition been left behind that to-day Canada, with a population of 9,000,000, in sheer bulk of imports and exports, stands fourth among the nations of the world and absolutely first on a per capita basis. She has a favorable trade balance, amounting to $264,000,000 for the year ending March, 1925, and she is the only country whose currency has been quoted in New York at a premium over the American dollar since the late war. What,

then, is wrong? Canada is dependent upon foreign trade to a surprising degree: she is the greatest raiser of wheat for export of any country on earth, and has the second largest wheat production, having grown 417,000,000 bushels in 1925; and unless she can sell almost all of it abroad there is nothing to do with it. In lesser degree, cattle, forest products, minerals, fish and furs must similarly find foreign markets or go to waste.

Until recent years, the United States bought the bulk of Canada's raw products and sold, in return, the bulk of the manufactured articles that the Dominion imported. In 1921 a prohibitive import tariff on cattle knocked the bottom out of Canada's livestock market in a day, and many cattle-raisers, particularly in the West where winter feeding was too expensive, were ruined overnight. Since then, this industry has recovered, and is said to be on a sounder footing than ever as stock men have learned to find markets elsewhere. The Fordney tariff, with its rate of 42¢ a bushel on Canadian wheat, caused momentary consternation in the Canadian West, but as the American millers had to have the harder northern grain for mixing with the softer American wheat to make high grade flour, and as the millers arranged for a rebate of the duty if the Canadian grain was exported from the United States as American flour, the shipping south of wheat continued, and prices in the winter of 1924-25 were higher in Winni-

peg than in Chicago. (In 1925-26 Winnipeg prices were below Chicago's.) But the warning had been taken and Canadian grain dealers have sought and are finding satisfactory markets elsewhere. The tax of 3¢ a pound on Canadian fish is too recent to yield much data. Whether a perishable commodity, like fish, can be shipped satisfactorily to far lands is doubtful.

It all looks to the Canadian as though the United States were trying to slam the door in his face. Already Canada's trade statistics show the effect of the changed American attitude. Canada remains the United States' second-best customer, but the United States is no longer Canada's best customer since her exports to the rest of the Empire for the year ending March, 1925, amounted to $466,000,000 as against $416,000,000 to the United States. Should Canada place an embargo on the export of her pulp-wood, it would make a still greater difference. During the year ending March 31, 1925, Canada's exports to Great Britain increased by $35,000,000, and imports decreased by $2,000,000. In the same period Canada's exports to the United States decreased by $13,000,000 and imports decreased $90,000,000. In so far as trade is concerned as a factor in the hypothesis of annexation, Canada and the United States instead of drawing nearer together seem to be getting farther apart; and many thoughtful Canadians welcome this—despite temporary inconveniences—as a sign that their

nation's prosperity does not depend to so great an extent upon conditions in any one foreign country; though these figures must be taken with reserve because they are partly the result of the prosperity of branch factories located in Canada by American firms, financed by American capital and established to take advantage of the lower tariff on Canadian goods in European countries. Some of these branch factories are huge affairs: and it is obvious that the interests of the parent firms require Canada to remain a separate country that they may continue to enjoy advantages as exporters over the parent factories in the United States.

Here the question arises of the United States opposition to the annexation of Canada. Were the latter country taken into the Union it would not be possible to maintain tariff walls against its products. The same producer of grain, cattle, fish and what-not, who now fears Canadian competition, and is powerful enough to persuade Congress to pass Fordney tariffs, will undoubtedly have something to say if he is told that Canada is to be annexed and the Canadian producer placed on a parity with himself. To be specific, the New England fisherman will not relish Nova Scotia fish flooding the American cities. Arable lands in the prairie states are worth several times what equally fertile lands are selling for across the boundary. If that boundary is abolished there is going to be a levelling: Canadian

land is going up, and American land is going down. There is no doubt that annexation would make Canadians wealthy who are now only potentially rich; but that profit would be at the immediate expense of American citizens. Then American tourists, and boot-leggers and their customers, who now appreciate their opportunity for getting liquor in Canada, would be as opposed to annexation as any province would be to find itself automatically under the Volstead Law.

Returning now to the discontent in the east and west of Canada, it may be doubted whether any section of the Dominion could make a better trade deal for itself than the Dominion as a whole, with all its resources, has been able to make. A prominent New Brunswicker recently told me that his neighbors' troubles were being laid to Confederation whereas they really are due to geographical situation and other natural causes. The Atlantic Provinces, being largely settled by Loyalists, would be more inclined to seek to re-unite with their kinsmen in case of a breach with the Dominion than the West would, despite the ancient and deep-rooted prejudice of the Bluenose against the Yankee. In the West, the secession talk is quieter but more serious. These newer provinces have always felt that they did not receive sufficient consideration from Ottawa for their sectional needs, but as they grow more populous their representation increases and they obtain more and more

legislative power, and thus outgrow their suspicion that "the East", as they call the central provinces of Ontario and Quebec, is making a mere convenience of them. That there is secession talk in the West is true, but practically none of annexation: the complaint of the westerner is against the moderate tariff schedules Canada now maintains, and if joined to the United States he would find himself under much higher tariffs, which would raise greatly the cost to him of English and other foreign goods. Annexation talk anywhere in Canada can only be safely interpreted in the light of history: it is heard whenever there is a period of hard times, and dies down as soon as confidence is restored. Those who remember the serious annexation agitations of 1891-92 simply laugh at the rumors of the past year or so. The 1925 edition of Chamber's Encyclopædia does not exaggerate when it states: "The question of annexation is dead, and few Canadians expect ever to see it revived."

Americans settled in Canada are seldom annexationists. Many of them are successful farmers in the West, and many have risen to prominence in business in the central provinces; but having become used to Canadian laws and customs, they are usually well satisfied with their adopted country and seldom express a desire for the merging of the two countries. The Canadianized American of the central provinces in his private

as well as his public life is apt to be more emphatic than the native-born in his repudiation of annexation. The type who is most apt to favor it is the English-born Canadian.

Despite adverse tariffs and high taxes, sectionalism and other ills, nationalistic feeling never ran so high as at present. Everywhere organizations of all kinds are springing up with the aim of establishing and maintaining better relations between the different parts of the country. The English and French are paying each other visits and compliments: everyone is determined that there shall be a better understanding between Canadians of all classes and localities, and that the unity of which the British North America Act was but an adumbration shall become immediately a firmer reality. That awakening of the national spirit is the outstanding fact about Canadian life to-day; and in the face of it talk about annexation is the idlest gossip to the majority of citizens, and those who do talk secession will be silent as soon as they feel that their interests as individuals or communities are not being sacrificed to the benefit of others.

Quebec is strongly national in sentiment. Under the constitution the French-Canadian is guaranteed his language, his religion, and his hereditary civil law—the Code Napoleon is in force. Who dreams that the Constitution of the United States would be amended to give

special sanction to the Roman Catholic Church and the French language in an area as large as several good-sized states? Would the habitant care to come under the rule of the Invisible Empire? The unpopularity of the French-Canadians in the New England states, where they have penetrated in great numbers, is due to their habit of working in American factories until they have secured a competence, and then retiring to their ancestral acres. Thousands of French girls go south to earn their trousseaux, and return home to be married. With the negro problem, and all the other problems on its hands, Congress will be as slow to undertake a French-Canadian problem as the habitants would be to part with one tittle of their ancient rights.

Canadians may be "slow", but they have been impressed by the number of murders in Chicago, and the number of lynchings in the South, and the goings on of the Ku Klux Klan; and they show a marked partiality for their own system of the administration of justice, with its speedier, simplified court procedure, under judges appointed (not elected) for life, and so independent of political influences and affiliations. They seem perfectly content to go a little slower if their way can be more serene than what they see of American life—and it should not be forgotten that Canadians have visited the States in greater proportion than Americans have visited Canada, and through a hundred media are more con-

versant with American life and history and institutions, than Americans are with Canadian.

"Canada first" is the cry of the hour, and that may lead in time to theoretical independence in addition to the de facto independence that is already here. Except at Canada's request, Westminster would no more think of legislating for Canada than Washington would. The British connection, moreover, has been valuable financially, and in a military way, and in connection with immigration, which is Canada's greatest present need. It has been wholly beneficial, and is therefore clung to, because it has enabled the younger country to grow and find its feet without undue parental restraint. And for these benefits Canada was grateful enough to leave 52,000 dead on the battlefields of France out of half a million who served overseas. But it may happen that at the councils of Empire Canadian interests will be found to conflict with those of Great Britain, and if no compromise can be found, it might be expedient for Canada quietly to withdraw. It would be no "throwing off of the yoke" but a friendly dissolution of partnership leaving each merely the freer.

Mr. John S. Ewart, a celebrated lawyer and political writer of Ottawa, used to publish the "Kingdom Papers" discussing Canada's national status, and reminiscent of Sir John A. Macdonald's old wish that Canada's true position in the Empire—mutual allegiance to one

sovereign with Great Britain—be indicated by the name the Kingdom of Canada. It is significant that Mr. Ewart has re-commenced publication for the first time since the war, and has re-christened his pamphlets "The Independence Papers", feeling now that trouble will be avoided if the remaining political link is severed before any difficulty arises.

My own feeling is that annexation could only be a live topic after Canada had become in every respect independent. Canadian susceptibilities are often wounded by the failure of the United States to recognize Canada as a separate political entity—as at the Pacific Conference at Washington, which had its origin in a debate in the Canadian House of Commons, and to which Canada, though vitally interested, was not invited by the United States, and in whose deliberations Canada only participated through the courtesy of Great Britain, whose interests were not, in all respects, identical with those of Canada and the United States. As an important part of the British Empire, Canada will never consider becoming a subservient part of the United States. Should events lead to Canadian independence, some understanding with her one neighbor would naturally be a necessity, though organic union would hardly be desirable to either nation.

It is interesting to quote Haliburton again to show how little Canadian views have changed in a century,

for he believed independence preferable for the Canadian provinces to annexation. Recently "The Listening Post", a magazine published at Montreal, printed an article favoring annexation and purporting to be written by an American. The editor attached a note disclaiming the views of his contributor. His next issue contained the editor's apology, and three out of the many vigorous protests he had received in reply—all condemning the annexationist's platform. So far as I can learn no other paper even mentioned the controversy. That significant ignoring of "The Listening Post's" challenge indicates how little Canadians think of the idea of annexation.

A Note on the Censorship

A NOTE ON THE CENSORSHIP

"He said there was one only good, namely, knowledge; and one only evil, namely, ignorance."

SOCRATES, *quoted by Diogenes Laertius.*

"Libraries, libraries—vile places indeed!"

—MRS. MALAPROP

"Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good."

—WORDSWORTH

IS IT not strange that I have never seen a man corrupted by a book? My life has been spent among men and among books; and I search my memory in vain for a single instance of harm that has come to a man through reading a book. This thought is not a little disturbing when certain factions in Canada and the United States are clamoring for a censorship, and a semi-official surveillance already exists in both countries. For, naturally, I proposed to myself to weigh the good that books have done in the world against their evil results, that I might take an intelligent stand upon so great a question, and one that concerns me so nearly. Imagine my dismay on calling to mind innumerable cases of the beneficial effect of books, and being unable to find anything to balance against the blessings!

All this is very puzzling. Who are these people who must be saved from books? One would imagine that it must be the members and adherents of the Society for the Suppression of Vice who desire to save themselves from contamination. But that is not so, because they are loud in their protests that it is not for themselves, but for some unascertained weaker brothers, that they desire help. All promoters of the censorship, whose remarks I have read, are unanimous in the explicit or implied assertion that they are immune to the poisons emanating from books. None of them, however, has yet indicated whom, specifically, he was trying to save. The prohibitionists could always point to the town drunkard. Our friends of the censorship have been very lax about displaying horrible examples. If they should ever capture, and lure to the platform, a person who admits he has been ruined by reading, I shall certainly go to have a look at so rare a specimen.

It is noteworthy that confessed criminals never attribute their downfall to books. These gentry are remarkably versatile in their excuses for themselves: they blame drink, parentage, evil companions, greed, misdirected ambition, economic factors, flaws in the social system—everything under heaven, except books. Many of these causes are imaginary: the criminal does not know why he went wrong, but he is expected to explain his course in some way, so he repeats a stock story or invents a

fresh one. But not even the cleverest of them all has ever been inventive enough to say: "On such a date I read so-and-so's book; and after that I led a life of constantly increasing sinfulness." Clarence Darrow, in his authoritative treatise, "Crime, Its Cause and Punishment", makes few generalizations about the criminal, because he does not believe in a criminal "class". Among the few characteristics Mr. Darrow notes as common to the many types who are convicted by the courts, we find: "He seldom reads books." And in another place he says that about the only class not represented in the jails is that made up of persons who have formed the reading habit.

I have so great a fondness for books that I am devoting my life to making their acquaintance, to spreading their fame, and to persuading others to love them as I do. This trait is fundamentally hereditary: ancestors "on both sides of the house" were omniverous readers. Environment intensified the tendency: as a young boy I would see my dear Grandfather reading night after night from Nansen's "Farthest North" or other diverting book, while my Grandmother sat near him to share the same lamp, and would read on until even Grandfather had gone to bed. At school and college and in one of the learned professions, books were my guides. My natural taste I cultivated to my everlasting benefit. In my relations with my fellows I have had the common

experience of forming friendships that proved disappointing. But those books which informed and stimulated my mind, which taught me to recognize and value Truth—they do not change. I take them from the shelf and run over the precious lines, and find there always the same comfort and cheer, and impulse toward That which is Good. And when I hear books spoken of as if they were some sort of cholera, every instinct of loyalty to my trusted teachers and tried friends urges me to rise in their defence. But that passion for Truth, which they have inculcated in me, is stronger than my love for them, and compels me to judge these charges in the light of Reason, and abide by the verdict. Books have taught me to love man more than books; and if Reason shows me that books are injurious to men, I shall abjure books.

Am I evading the issue? Not at all. I know very well what they say. They, professing to revere books in general, say that some books are bad; and it is their intention to sort the sheep from the goats, and to slaughter the goats. And my reply is that this is the most dangerous doctrine ever expounded to the sons of men. Had there been an effective censorship, Luther could never have translated the Bible and made it public property. Had there been an effective censorship, the findings of Darwin and Wallace, and the arguments of Huxley, would never have reached the people. There

is hardly a book of worth to man that would be in existence to-day: for every one of these revelations was in the nature of heresy. Every great book offends many people, and—what is more deadly—it offends their sense of what is right. Ban the books that run counter to the current morality and religion, and the Dark Ages will return within a decade, and our only way out will be through the seas of blood, shed in internecine wars for religious liberty, which we should have left behind for all time. Tampering with the liberty of speech is putting in jeopardy the mainspring of evolution. The erection of a censorship for any purpose creates an instrument that will presently be used by those in power to preserve the *status quo*, which means stagnation, and death to all hopes of further progress.

Are the few tawdry stories, the odd obscene jest, the vulgar illustration, worth such a hazard? Certainly not.

"Oh!" you say, "we have caught you now admitting the existence of improper books!" Of course I admit it. But many hundreds of currently published books pass through my hands annually; and the overwhelming majority of them are clean, decorous and utterly conventional. Only here and there, at intervals, is one which would grace a brothel better than a minister's library. The proportion of indecent books is insignificant.

Why not weed out the pornographic ones? I have three reasons.

First, let me repeat that I am against *all censorship* as a more retrogressive, foolhardy and wicked procedure than the re-establishment of an absolute monarchy and the wiping out of the Magna Charta rights wrested from John at Runnymede.

Second, the poison book has this difference from the rattlesnake and the poison ivy: that it cannot hurt persons who are wholesome and pure. We have it on the authority of Jesus that "it is not that which entereth into a man that defileth him." This must have been spoken of ideas, not of the belly. For if you eat "tainted" beef you get sick—are "defiled"—but if you read a vulgar book, and are yourself refined, the only result will be that you will conceive an apathy toward, or a dislike of, the book: it will not make you vulgar. In this, books are a singular confection. They can help a man, but they cannot harm him. Innumerable men can say: "I read such a book. It was the turning-point of my life. I became a better man." But the man is yet to be found who testifies to the reverse. If the rattlesnake could only hurt the person about to die anyway, if the poison ivy could only infect those covered with a similar rash, I think we would not fear them much.

Let it be thoroughly understood that the vulgar book appeals only to the innately vulgar person, the obscene

book to the obscene mind. I have analysed the tastes of many readers, and I know whereof I speak. Books can raise, but cannot lower, a person's moral tone. But does not the nasty book feed the nasty appetite of the nasty man? Of course it does. Then why not take it away from him? Because I would rather see him read about the sin he yearns to commit than see him go and commit it; and if you do not feed his appetite with filthy literature, rest assured he will find other means of gratification—perhaps worse ones. Suppose he likes to read of illicit sexual relations. Do I hear you quote: "He that looketh on a woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his heart"? Quite true. He is morally guilty: but this sin, like many others, takes more than one to commit; and while he reads leeringly, the otherwise possible companion in his misbehavior goes her way free, uncontaminated.

Third, no censorship would be effective. No basic appetite can be starved to death by legislation: the utmost reach of the law-maker's power is declaring the appetite's satisfaction punishable. Is the appetite for vulgar literature basic? Absolutely. At a certain low stage of evolution it is the only sort of mental fodder a person will take with avidity. That period of growth is represented by male adolescents. Wherever boys of a certain age congregate—Sunday-school is no exception —they swap obscene stories. This taste is outgrown

soon by boys of a high type, later by the average, and never in the cases of arrested mental development that are so distressingly frequent. The smoking-car conversation of one kind of commercial traveller is an example of this puerile taste lingering belatedly.

This aspect of adolescence is significant in the present study. Coarse jokes live in a school immortally, being passed from class to class through generations. Many of the great classic writers, like Boccaccio, Chaucer and Shakespeare, had recourse to such perennial sources for some of their material; and the oral traditions still live. At my school, many of the boys could recite long quotations from a vulgar dialogue. I remember it well; but it was only three years ago that I learned that my young contemporaries had been quoting Mark Twain's famous work, which was issued privately during his lifetime in an edition of fifty copies. To-day that book's contents are known throughout the world. For decades it has been distributed underground. It has never come to the surface. It has never been displayed for sale in a store, advertised or mentioned in the press: no publisher acknowledges his connection with it. It is a book of such coarseness and vulgarity that any police court would fine one for having it in possession. It is not evil in the sense that it would incite to crime or immorality, but it is distinctly illegal. I have never heard of this book figuring in a court case. If censorship can

be made effective, let us see the authorities suppress this well-known, even world-famous, book. The present law permits its suppression: let us see it suppressed, and then we shall believe more than we do now in the ability of any person or body to stop the circulation of indecent literature. Until someone has suppressed this notorious work, let them cease babbling about any wider censorship. For how could it be enforced when the present law cannot? Further laws will simply increase the number of book-leggers, who already exist and thrive on illicit sales.

There is another danger in the censorship. We all agree that good books help men. How does one get to like the best books? Literary taste is developed primarily by reading: there is no teacher like experience. When a person comes to me to enquire what he should read to acquire a taste for the finest works of literary art, I always tell him to follow his nose. It is no use putting a wise book into the hands of a numskull, nor a mature one into the hands of a child. The man must start with his own self-created instrument—the taste he then has. If he will read habitually what he likes, the chances are that his taste will swiftly improve, for the brain sickens of adulterated food just as the stomach does. Out of all my acquaintances, the one who has the greatest knowledge and appreciation of the works of Thomas Hardy started just that way five or six years

ago. He came to me for a prescription of literary medicine because he thought he ought to be reading something better than the trash he liked. I pressed "good" books on him; but he could not read them. I then advised him to follow his inclinations, and step by step he gravitated upwards (as is the way in book-land) until he was on close terms with the greatest of the moderns. When last I saw him he could no longer tolerate most of the moderns, and was deep into the classics. He is a star case, but in varying degrees the rule works every time. Cultivate the reading habit, and the world's best literature, the most ennobling books, will become your intimate associates spontaneously and naturally. Many a great litterateur of our own generation began his ascent by falling in love with the dime novel in his youth.

Now, take your inferior reader of vulgar instincts. Are you going to deprive him of his chance of salvation by taking away from him, if that should be possible to do, the only type of reading matter he enjoys or will read at all? Such a move would be highly unwise and unfair. If a man has an innately vulgar mind, I think the best thing in the world for the community and himself is to set him down with a vulgar book to his taste, where the actions flowing from his evil impulses will be mental and not physical; and where, above all, he may contract the redeeming reading habit. Let him form

the reading habit on as low a plane as he likes and he will be lifted up automatically. Prevent him from becoming a reader, and you make of him a menace to society, a corrupting influence, spreading contagion wherever he goes.

The proportion of helpful books to so-called injurious ones is, conservatively speaking, a thousand to one: and if a man becomes a reader at all he must necessarily read many moral books to one immoral one, no matter what his natural tastes, because obscene literature is scarce for the plain reason that it is not much in demand, the confirmed reader soon, on his own initiative, preferring something else that is more nutritious mentally. I, myself, have given newsboys and office-boys cheap, silly stories, so ill-written that to me they were literary crimes; and I believed I was doing them a service. If such trash awakened in them a love of reading, I certainly did, since they may come at last under the influence of those great minds who, through the marvellous instrumentality of the printed word, are surely leading us, as a humanity, to a millennium of undreamed glory.

In my puritanical boyhood home I learned other things than to cherish and venerate books. One day I noticed that the one-volume Shakespeare had certain pages clipped out of the back portion of it. On enquiry I learned that my Grandfather had cut out the poems

so that his daughters would not be contaminated. I moved heaven and earth until I had secured those poems. When I found them less spicy than the plays in that old, unexpurgated edition, I conceived a cynicism toward the wisdom of censors, which further experience has only increased. The first effect of a censorship, should one be established, would be to create an unprecedented demand for hitherto obscure books. "Jurgen" is directly in point. But for its suppression Cabell would still be the unknown creator of beautiful literature he was after publication of his fifteenth volume. It is the prevalence of curiosity, not a taste for the pornographic, which leads to the results we have seen time and again. Put the jam on the top shelf and forbid the children to touch it; and you know what will happen. And all censorship will be as stupid as was my Grandfather's. It will ban works of worth and allow the real culprits to go free. Human wisdom does not exist capable of sorting properly, according to their moral after-effects, the 20,000 volumes now produced annually in the English language alone.

A few years ago, according to Arnold Bennett, a clergyman in Hull preached against "Ann Veronica". Within two days a local bookseller had received 43 orders. "Previously he had no demand." I learn from the same source that in Great Britain, where the libraries exercise a censorship, we find the leading libraries of a

great city like Glasgow excluding all the works of Richardson, Fielding and Smollett, and some of the greatest works of later writers like Tolstoy, Hardy, Whitman and even Wells. "Esther Waters" is barred in Boston. Lately an American paper refused, for fear of prosecution, to reprint from the London "Times" a criticism of Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure", written by its dramatic critic, Mr. A. B. Walkley. The thunder gets closer every day. It is no idle fear I voice. Unless we are vigilant we shall be engulfed before we know it, and committed legislatively to the greatest folly and set-back the modern world has known.

If impartially administered, the first act of a censorship, of the sort that is being agitated for, would have to be the banning of all classical literature from Homer to France and Hardy. Even huge sections of Tennyson would go. What would be left would be Harold Bell Wright, Frank Crane and Lucy Montgomery.

No. I am wrong. Writers would still write and readers would still read, but anything worth reading would be illegal. Book stores would disappear. Instead, I should open the kitchen door periodically at 10 P.M. to a financial magnate, who would sell me a $1 volume of Chaucer for $10, and a $2 novel by John Galsworthy for $15. No longer would I write in a pleasant, book-lined room. My Swinburne would be hidden in the cellar under the coal, my Burns under a

loose board in the floor, my Shakespeare in the mattress of my bed. We would have fewer books, because of extortionate prices; but we might value them more. Disaster, however, would overtake me soon, for habit is hard to break; and some day I should be arrested for having "Leaves of Grass" in my pocket. Being fined, I could not pay, for I would have spent my little all on books from the book-legger; and I would be thrown into jail.

What glorious martyrdom! For never was so unrighteous and foolish a persecution. Freedom of the press has brought us from savagery to semi-civilization, and we must not go back to the jungle state without a struggle, or at least a protest. Never mistake the issue! Ours is a book-civilization. We get our religion out of a book, and train our scientists, doctors and educators, from books. In books is our treasure, and lacking them we are barbarians without culture or history.

Do not imagine that any high-flown moral principles of an altruistic kind will long survive the actual establishment of any censorship. Before it is even firmly established, it will be turned to uses of a base nature. Printing in England started life under a censorship. It was necessary to get a government license before a book could be published. Immediately, this machinery was used, and used successfully, by the government party to keep the election propaganda of the opposition out of

circulation. And make no mistake but that this is a sample of what would happen to us if our writers and publishers were muzzled as certain persons desire they should be. In 1835, Joseph Howe, with true heroism, established in Canada the principle of the freedom of the press. That is a heritage we must not jeopardize for the doubtful pottage these busy reformers now offer us. Granted the freedom of the press, we can combat evils and encroachments upon liberty. Muzzle the press, on any pretext whatsoever, and we are lost. The clock of history will turn back its hands at least 500 and possibly 5,000 years—the painful years wherein our present freedom was won for us bloodily by our forefathers.

Books are light-bringers, and book-lovers children of light. It is they whose deeds are evil who love darkness. Under present conditions, the "white light that beats upon a throne" pales into insignificance compared to the publicity to which new books are subject. Those that can stand the fierce sun prosper; those that cannot quickly wither. There is nothing to fear from the man who signs his words, and sends them out openly. What will happen in the Star Chamber of an official censorship no man will know, beyond that it will surely be corrupt and detrimental to all ideals we have guarded for centuries of hard-upward fight. The first thing I ever wrote for public consumption was an essay, read at the

age of sixteen to a high school literary society, entitled: "Reading Maketh a Full Man". It was a clumsy performance but well directed. My faith has grown and deepened with the years; and to-day I preach the same creed with better command of data. If I were an evil god, intent upon the destruction of man, my chief concern would be the undoing of the work of the printing press. And if I hoped for success, I would know I should have to do it stealthily and entrap my people with some promise of greater good. And that is just the sort of manœuvre the censorship movement appears to me to be.

Who are these people that clamor for censorship?—that would save our souls, their own being already saved? In a newspaper some time ago, I came across an article entitled: "The Hog-tight Fence for Literature". The portrait of the author was reproduced, and as I noted the snub nose, the small, pale eyes, the fat cheeks and hanging jowls, I thought he was going to confess that he was about to pen himself in a sty. But it appeared from the article that his intention was to erect a wall that would keep out every book unfit, in his opinion, for the eyes of a twelve-year-old girl. He oozed altruism and sanctity from every sleek pore. "We mean business", he declared; and he and his kind do. It is no empty threat. Reforms are always the work of enthusiastic minorities. This crowd of near-sighted

fanatics is really dangerous. We must not be caught napping and pinioned while asleep. And, for my part, when and if the time ever comes that the "fence" is erected, I do not want to be on the same side of it as the author of that article. He will stand on one side, and on the other will stand Milton, Byron, Shelley, Matthew Arnold, Montaigne, and the rest of the immortals. And he will squint and blink at them with his funny little eyes until some Higher Court pronounces on the dubious question of which side of the fence the hogs are on.

I have not the slightest doubt but that the movers in this enterprise are actuated unconsciously by a desire to save their own souls from their own libidinous attractions to various forms of pornography. Recently some of these people, organized as "The Clean Book League", championed E. Temple Bailey's romance, which was advertised universally as "*the* clean book", that, in itself being a vulgar insult to the thousands of equally innocuous volumes issued during the same year. And by one of those master-strokes of Fate, the volume in question bore the title: "The Dim Lantern". What more appropriate! Why not "The Searchlight"? There have been searchlights in literature, which continue to light the footsteps of mankind. But these suppressers of vice, guided by their "*Dim* Lantern", crowd us perilously near the cliff's edge.

One peculiarity of this campaign is that the whole attack is directed against books in which sex plays a part. What is aimed at, primarily and avowedly, is the elimination of the discussion of the physical side of love. Now I cannot see the logic of this position. Adultery has not been a crime under British law since 1660; and copulation legalized by marriage has never been considered even a sin. What is the objection to telling of the commission of an act that is within the law? Why not direct the attack against detective stories, which explain in great detail how burglaries and murders are committed—these latter practices being so illegal that one of them is punishable by death? That would be a logical stand; though logic is the last thing we have learned to expect from those seeking to restrict the circulation of books. Armies of authors make a living by giving expert testimony as to how various crimes are committed, which might, with at least some color of reason, supply cause for police interference with the detective story; yet such is the inconsistency of censorship advocates that no suggestion of this sort has ever been put forward. Nor would I favor it. Legislative prohibitions of natural and reasonably harmless tastes lead to unenviable conditions; and when an easy extension of such powers might at one blow destroy the world's literature and the open discussion of public

questions, the man who initiated even the limited restriction would be responsible for a more serious step than might be obvious at the moment.

If not themselves, again I ask, whom would these suppressers of vice save? We have seen that evil books are in such a minority as to be negligible; that reading is a redemptive agent, and to be cultivated for the soul's sake. Good books can uplift bad people, but the converse is not true, which is almost in the nature of a miracle, or reversal of a natural law, but solid fact nevertheless. The greatest of our free institutions is the press, which—as the handmaiden of religion, science, philosophy and art—is the greatest cultural agent in the world to-day. Yes—and the greatest moral agent! Our civilization is a book-civilization. Will we risk the destruction of the whole edifice, centuries in building, to humor a few fools? No! We will retain the freedom of the press, the absolute right to say and read what we like, because books are the light-bringers, and the light they bring increasingly, as we grow in years and wisdom, is the light of Truth. Redeeming, enlightening, helping forward mankind at every turn, our old friends and allies and counsellors, the books, are under attack. Shall we let them go? No! For salvation does not lie in thou-shalt-nots, but in becoming co-willers with God in a wise freedom that needs no restrictions. And the way to

know the will of God is to learn the Truth; and the Truth—the Truth the books brought us—that Truth shall make us free.

What a Canadian Has Done for Canada

WHAT A CANADIAN HAS DONE FOR CANADA

CANADA is a convenient, far-off place of which the English novelist sometimes avails himself, possibly to the satisfaction of his English patrons, but frequently to the amusement of his Canadian readers. This Dominion affords refuge for criminals fleeing from justice; a place where sudden death may overtake the villain of the story at a fit distance from the scene of the hero's triumph and happiness; a remote spot to which a jilted suitor may be packed off, and whence he can return presently with a fortune. Up till recently the vagueness of the allusions to such incidents protected the English novelist: we smiled at the transparency of the conventional device of "a legendary place", but were unable to object pointedly because almost anything may happen almost anywhere provided "corroborative detail intended to give artistic verisimilitude" be carefully avoided.

Lately the list toward realism has upset the balance somewhat, and English novelists are starting to describe scenes and events which betray their ignorance of localities and conditions and to supply Canadian reviewers with material for many a jest. About four years ago, for instance, an English writer of standing put his hero

on a horse at Montreal in the morning, and had him riding into Edmonton the same night. It was stated that the horse was very tired—a conservative enough estimate of its condition considering that it had covered a distance which a fast train travels in about four days. Last year May Wynne, in "The Ambitions of Gill", wound up her book with a chapter entitled "In Far Muskoka", where the hero was represented as living the life of a prospector completely isolated from other human beings. Actually, Muskoka is the most populous of Canadian summer resorts and yields no minerals except the minted coins that tourists spend with commendable freedom. The heroine, seeking her beloved, walks miles to his cabin through the wilderness, which in the description resembles an English park more than the reality. In that country covered with evergreens, whose largest branches grow close to the ground, it would be impossible to see "at some distance a herd of deer feeding quietly beneath the trees". And the final touch is added when she comes upon "some wild boars looking for truffles", as there are neither wild boars nor truffles anywhere in North America.

As an aid to checking this tendency by showing how the Canadian scene should not be used, we may consider "Empty Hands" by Arthur Stringer, a native author and until recently a resident in Canada, but now a naturalized citizen of the United States. His book caps

the climax for absurdities about Canadian woods life. On one score, however, I am very pleased with him. The literary world has long been in dire need of a second Munchausen; and though Stringer owes something to "Robinson Crusoe", "Swiss Family Robinson", and "The Admirable Crichton", his narrative partakes far more of the bold, sweeping mendacities of the great Baron. Certainly Oscar Wilde would never have written his lament on "The Decay of Lying" if he had foreseen the mighty renaissance of that ancient and delightful art that was to come in 1924. Because a fairy story loses half its charm when it is accepted as fact; and because Stringer, being a Canadian by birth, may be mistaken for a realist by readers in other countries, I hasten to correct any such erroneous impression, and to proclaim him for the rightful monarch he is—the Prince of the "Canada Fakers" he once denounced in an article under that title in the New York "Herald".

Like all fairy stories, the scene is laid in a place hard to locate on any mundane map, no one point in Canada fulfilling all the conditions. From seven scattered paragraphs I gather that the author means northern Manitoba. "North of the Pas", "the Land of Little Sticks" and "on the fringe of the Barren Grounds" seem to indicate this; yet on page 53 Hudson's Bay is spoken of as "hundreds of miles away . . . to the north", which is true of Toronto but not of the barrens far north of the

Pas. Yet the mistiness of the location serves as useful cover enabling the author to bring together the strangest collection of northern and southern fauna and flora ever seen outside a zoo or a museum.

In the timber-lands at the fringe of the Barrens, then, is a mining camp; and it is the purpose of the author to turn naked into the wilds a young Canadian engineer of 30 and a wealthy and useless, though somewhat ornamental, New York society girl of 19, as hero and heroine who shall create civilization with its many inventions out of the raw material afforded by Nature. The launching is accomplished by the girl getting caught in the rapids leading out of Barrier Lake while she is fishing in her canoe before breakfast. Grimshaw, the camp-boss, still in his pyjamas, sees her go and rushes to her aid by rowing a York-boat. Now a small York-boat is 30 feet long, carries four tons of freight and a crew of eight to twelve men. Why he did not take one of the other canoes is one of the myriad entrancing mysteries in the book. But single-handed he propels the York-boat down the lake at break-neck speed, and the two of them shoot the seven miles of rapids. The hero is evidently an acrobat too, for his boat springing a leak, he, standing, tossed by the furious waves, removes both parts of his pyjamas to mend the leak. He also "steers" the drifting boat by means of a sweep, though this is physically impossible. The girl's bath-

ing suit rips and comes off, though such garments usually stand contact with water. Both craft are lost, so the people reach shore at the lower end of the rapids naked and without baggage.

Though they started shortly after dawn, and were hurled down at lightning speed, they reach the bottom of the rapids late in the afternoon. I, having shot a seven-mile rapid in about half an hour, deplore this dilatoriness; but am forced to admire the efficiency and speed of the hero once he is on land. Between, say, 4.30 P.M. and dark he manages to cut and weave clothes for them both out of willow branches; erects a substantial log house and puts a roof on; makes beds out of "armful after armful of cat-tails"; makes a barricade for the door; catches two fish with his hands—one a five pound maskalonge, not native to that section of the country; makes a bone knife, bark platter and drinking cup; cleans the fish; goes out and inspects timber, climbing uplands to do so; notes bear and moose indications; digs cedar roots, though no cedars grow that far north; collects punk and bird feathers.

The author is careful to tell us that the seven miles of land separating the twain from the camp (where Mr. Endicott, Claire's father and Grimshaw's employer, is at the moment) is impassable on account of rock faces and muskeg. As a matter of fact, a long, precipitous rapid could not flow through a muskeg. The walls of

the river were high and rocky, and any rock can be scaled or walked around. But the story must go on; hence this mythical screen cutting the castaways off from their kind. And in the book it is three months before an aeroplane can reach them.

Miracles now happen thick and fast. The accomplishment of the first evening is a mere nothing to this superwoodsman, who makes errors in woodlore discreditable to a boy scout. After supper on the first full day in camp, Grimshaw attacks a bull moose of 1,000 pounds weight and actually succeeds in drawing blood by striking it on the neck with his deer-rib knife. The bull is infuriated, as it has every right to be, strikes the man with its "fore-paws", knocks him down and jumps on him. An ordinary moose with hard, sharp hoofs would certainly have killed him; but this one, doubtless because equipped by the author with "paws", only succeeds in giving him "a bruise or two" which cause him no trouble. Claire, witnessing the first part of this unequal combat, leaps on the animal's back and "paralyzes" it by thrusting her wooden, stone-tipped spear through its spine, a moose's spine being about as soft as reinforced concrete sewer-pipe. The beast was possibly paralyzed with astonishment, went into hysteria and suffered a nervous breakdown. Anyway, Grimshaw kills it—with the deer-rib. There were two bull moose when Grimshaw came up, but the author makes a con-

cession to realism by telling us that "the other one got away". Hardly less wonderful is the episode of a later day when Grimshaw kills a caribou by sticking a spear into her rump.

Of all the necessities, conveniences and sheer luxuries manufactured by the marvellous Grimshaw, it must be remembered that most of them were the products of the first six days' toil. He worked very hard. On the second full day in camp, for instance, he got breakfast of berries and bannocks made of parched bulrush bulbs pounded between stones into flour, and broiled moose meat; rewashed the heavy-haired skin, and laid it out for scraping; split the moosehead and saved the brains; washed and stretched the intestines for fish lines; dug out the precious white sinew along the spine; found the prow of his boat with some iron on it; made wooden, stone-tipped tongs to handle hot metal; made a stone hammer; made a kiln; made charcoal in the kiln; made a forge of stone, chinked with clay; made a bellows for the forge out of moose-hide; made a leg-bone into a draft conductor; got two slabs of tamarack; charred the slabs; resmoked the moose-hide over the fire, dressing it with a mixture of fish-fat and brains; drilled holes through the slabs; fixed leg-bone to slat; fitted and sewed discs of moose-hide; finished bellows and forge; made another kiln of charcoal; from the iron he made a

chisel, a knife, an axehead, two sewing-awls and a spear-head. Then he called it a day, and laid off!

About two weeks after landing they had plenty of time to build a fine, large log-house, whitewashed and decorated, divided into rooms, having windows, a planed floor, furniture, a brick chimney and bake-oven, and a fireplace of glazed tiles. They possessed two iron table knives, forks and spoons of bone, a razor made from a single "medium-sized" nail (presumably a wire nail), cups, saucers and plates of glazed earthenware ornamented with colored designs, storage crocks, pails and tubs, wash basins, candles, curtains and rugs, willow chairs, tooth brushes, scented toilet soap, scissors, and the following articles all of solid gold: a comb, hair pins, buttons, a ring and a frying pan—the last of which is made out to be a *useful* cooking implement. In the third month preparations for winter were so complete that time hung heavily upon their hands, and one wonders why they did not make a Mah Jongg set, or construct a radio and get the news from home, or even send a message to Dad, seven miles away, telling him where they were.

"In all this world I don't suppose a man and a woman have ever been thrown together as we've been thrown together in this wilderness", remarks Claire, and I cannot help agreeing with her that the author did throw his characters together somewhat heedlessly.

He calls their life "a splendid crudity", and spoke more truly than he knew. For within nine days the girl, who had probably never even dressed herself, had become an expert cook, dressmaker, archer, hunter and woodsman. Her first attempt at sewing resulted in the satisfactory cutting-out and making of garments. She eats birch-buds in the fall, though they grow only in spring. She put a fish in a jack-pine to protect it from mink, marten and wolverine, whereas all of them can climb and the marten *lives* in trees. But she was a greenhorn and can be excused for her author's faults.

With Grimshaw the case is different. "By instinct and training a woodsman . . . he preferred to remember only his woodcraft." The trouble is that he remembers it wrongly so much of the time! Thus, Stringer gravely assures us that he found and used swamp-elm, box-elder, Canada-balsam, wild plums, wild rice, elk, maskalonge, ironwood and cedar, none of which are to be found in that part of Canada—the last three being beyond the margin of possibility by several hundred miles. For the author has fixed his latitude by the introduction of a vast herd of 10,000 to 15,000 caribou, and these are only to be found in these numbers on the Barrens and in the forest at their southern extremity. If Stringer had limited his caribou herd to ten or twelve animals we might suppose they were woodland caribou, which go farther south, but even then most of these

items would be beyond the geographical limits. Furthermore, he speaks of "partridge *and* Canada grouse", evidently ignorant of the fact that the two names are synonymous. His famous woodsman loses his companion in a swamp, notes her steps going in, and goes home thinking she is dead—*without circling the swamp to pick up any out trail*, which any second-rate woodsman would have done. Of course she did emerge on the other side of the swamp. Ignorant of woodlore as he was, Grimshaw might have been sure that Stringer could not afford to spoil the story by letting her die.

After that revelation I am almost ashamed to mention other lapses, such as Claire's coming on a "slashing" in the primeval forest, where no man had been to cut it. A slain bear is disembowelled first, though the custom is to skin the animal first so that the hide will be kept clean. He does not seem to know that spruce grows in swamps. He refers to a "tanned" jacket as "rawhide". He calls the same beast an elk and a caribou alternately, and knotted tamarack poles turn into hemlock by the same carelessness of pen. And the author's reiterated contention that salt and green vegetables are essential to life is groundless.

"Stretching it" used to be a synonym for the kind of fiction this author has fabricated, and a literal case of it occurs in what the castaways made out of the original moose-hide. It is an elastic substance, but could hardly

be "stretched" to cover more than half of the articles made, which include a "knee-length", two-piece suit for Claire, a two-piece suit for Grimshaw "with trousers that reached almost to his moccasin tops", moccasins for both with double-ply soles, thongs for rabbit snares, withes and binding-strings for tying clothing, strings for forge tongs, the whole bellows-cover, strings for two bows and sundry fish lines. The same tendency to stretch is found in Grimshaw's hair which, a month after landing, has grown "half-way to his shoulders". This feat will enable him to earn his living henceforth with the Seven Sutherland Sisters, for since the appearance of Stringer's book he will have to give up his old profession. In spite of his miracles, no one would hire him as assistant guide after reading of his ignorance of elementary woodlore. His gormandizing in itself is disgusting, for we learn that four days after getting "several hundred pounds" of meat from the moose, he and Claire are eating the last of it.

Yet I have a tender spot for him. I see him on that third day clad only in willow sticks—the leaves must all have withered and blown away by that time—standing before his hot forge while the summer sun blistered his skin. The black-flies and mosquitoes would be all over his body having a regular Christmas dinner. The author does not tell us so, but I know the North. The sparks were flying out from the forge and burning him

dreadfully. Oh! Why did not the author "stretch" the moose-skin far enough to make a blacksmith's apron for him? I see him dancing around bare-footed on the hot rocks, burned and blistered all over; and the girl blowing the bellows, and forcing more heat at him. And I am very sorry for poor, ignorant, wonder-working Grimshaw.

But, while they cannot have any respect for the hero, Canadians owe a boundless debt to Mr. Stringer. They have writhed for years under the misrepresentations of English and American authors, who have written absurd tales purporting to depict life in the Canadian woods. There was only one way to stop it: to tell such a "whopper" as to elevate the myth to a place among the great imaginative classics of the world. Stringer has done that. He has "stretched" credence till it burst asunder and his imagination soared to the heights of the divinely unbelievable. It is a matter for national pride that one of our native authors has made two people "disappear" down a rapid as Lewis Carroll took Alice down the rabbit-hole, has made his hero slay a moose with the rib of a deer as an earlier fighter slew a thousand Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass—has, in short, achieved a *tour de force* in that superlative kind of untruth we love under the name of fairy-story, and, at the same time, has erected a monument of unconscious humor. I hereby tender the country's thanks to Arthur Stringingus.

Edward Carpenter—A Major Prophet

EDWARD CARPENTER—A MAJOR PROPHET

> "Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe, or where it will end. There is not a piece of science but its flank may be turned tomorrow; there is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned. The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind are all at the mercy of a new generalization. Generalization is always a new influx of the divinity into the mind. Hence the thrill that attends it."
>
> —EMERSON—"*Circles*"

DID you ever stop to think of the calm positiveness of Isaiah? He affirms simply and without hesitation. His statements, even about the fundamentals of life, have the force of direct testimony from an eyewitness. "Be still", he says, "and know that I am God"; and straightway the disputing theologians fall silent. The subtle complexities of their intricate metaphysical systems supply them with no answer.

Sixty years ago the vibrant voice of Walt Whitman rang out with the same assurance. Addressing "Him that was crucified", Whitman uses the astounding words "dear brother", later emphasizing it with:—

We few, equals, indifferent of lands, indifferent of times,
We, enclosers of all continents, all castes—allowers of all theologies,
Compassionaters, perceivers, rapport of men

* * * * *

. . . transmitting the same charge and succession.[1]

The epithet "blasphemer" was hurled at "the carpenter of Brooklyn"[2], just as, centuries earlier, it had been the charge of the Pharisees against "the carpenter of Nazareth". John Macy states[3] that to-day there are multitudes who no more doubt that Whitman was the greatest poet of America than that Lincoln was the greatest statesman.

"Twenty years ago", writes Mrs. Havelock-Ellis,[4] "it was quite a usual thing to hear Edward Carpenter spoken of as a madman, an impossible eccentric, and a teacher of dangerous doctrines. It is usual enough now to hear this same man spoken of as a divine messenger, a prophet, a seer." As always with its prophets, the world jeered at the confident tone of the man, and will soon go to him for solace. For his boldness has the

[1] Leaves of Grass: To Him that was Crucified.
[2] Will Hayes in Walt Whitman, the Prophet of the New Era.
[3] The Spirit of American Literature, p. 211 Modern Library edition.
[4] Three Modern Seers.

same source as Whitman's and Isaiah's. It comes from spiritual power; the effect produced is that of majesty:

By these I put all evil aside
For fear I put away from you, and the wretched unrest of the world;
And from the Maya of appearances I deliver you:
And I show you the inheritance of the riches of all time.[5]

When a man comes saying: "I conceive the purport of all suffering"[6], we really have to decide whether he is a lunatic or a savior. An effective test is to note the presence or absence of pride. The false prophet always reveals his true character by his desire, expressed or implied, to be considered a superior person. The keynote of Edward Carpenter's all-pervasive humility is found near the beginning of "Towards Democracy": "If I am not level with the lowest I am nothing, and if I did not know for a certainty that the craziest sot in the village is my equal, and were not proud to have him walk with me as my friend, I would not write another word—for this is my strength."[7] Only the Great Ones speak thus. So I approach Mr. Carpenter with reverence.

It is high time that someone in Canada made public mention of him. "All England is talking of Carpenter",

[5] Towards Democracy, p. 155.
[6] Towards Democracy, p. 5.
[7] Towards Democracy, p. 6.

says a letter from overseas. I see him quoted and discussed in books of all descriptions,—Alice Chown's "The Stairway", E. Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise" and Marie Stopes' "Married Love"—to mention a trio of the more recent. It is out of the question to present here a detailed account of Mr. Carpenter's work, and it is as needless as unfitting to indulge in hysterical eulogies. I amalgamate my superlatives, point the phrases; and then I have a vision of that strong, calm, kindly face, and I sneak off ashamed hiding my little bundle of rhetoric behind me. I feel awed whenever I stand mentally in the presence of the simplest of men.

As poet and prose writer, as socialist and economist, as mystic and occultist, as scientist and farmer, Mr. Carpenter attracts for audience a motley throng. He has been a clergyman of the Church of England, a professor at Cambridge, a maker of sandals and so many other things that there is hardly a person who cannot find some interest vital to himself which he enjoys in common with Mr. Carpenter. But a synthetic movement always leads us to the religious aspect. The last article I read on him was in the "Birth Control Review". The passages quoted were all of this kind, and pointed, not to the eminent authority on sex, but to the wise and humane healer of such as are soul sick.

"Towards Democracy" contains the heart and soul of Carpenter's teachings. It was published in 1883, and has passed through about twenty editions. It has to be reprinted now almost every year. Considering the many translations into foreign languages, and unauthorized editions in the United States, the total circulation must be enormous. The author, having left the church and university, had become a farm laborer, and wrote in a shack constructed by himself.

"Towards Democracy" is the great and only successor to "Leaves of Grass". Carpenter had been studying and absorbing Whitman for twelve years. No other formative influence was so great, though in men of that calibre it goes without saying that there was no conscious imitation. While a generation apart, there was a singular bond between these great lovers of humanity. One of the most intimate pieces of Whitmaniana is Carpenter's volume, "Days With Walt Whitman"; and the most self-revealing of the Carpenter documents is his letter to Walt, written in 1874, and quoted by Horace Traubel.[8]

Between the basic humanitarianism which is common to both, and the verbal structure which is similar, there is a vast region of thought that is unlike. The mental processes of Carpenter are his own. His greater book

[8] With Walt Whitman in Camden, Vol. I, pp. 158-161.

lore, his more exact technical information, his more consistently cosmopolitan outlook, all tend to make him the fitter exponent to our generation of the identical faith which sustained the Good Gray. In the matter of poetic style the same difference is manifest. For Carpenter has at once expanded and modified Whitman's free verse form. Mr. Carpenter's lines extend themselves at times into paragraphs hardly to be distinguished, structurally, from the prose poems of Beaudelaire. (In substance what worlds removed from the "Fleurs du Mal"!) I would point out, too, a grace, an urbanity, a flexibility of diction throughout "Towards Democracy" which is in strong contrast to the rock-like phrases of "Leaves of Grass". Those who, like Stevenson, can find no objection to Whitman except the raucity of his "barbaric yawp", should console themselves with the easy, euphonious flow of the Sage of Sheffield. Yet, strangely, the things of his that stick longest in the memory are the terse, almost explosive, affirmations and commands. One can never quite rid his ears of the ring of such sentences as: "Freedom has to be won afresh every morning"[9], and "O let not the flame die out!" ([10])

Like the prophets of old, Edward Carpenter proclaims that much is amiss with the world. Meanness,

[9] Towards Democracy, p. 359.
[10] Towards Democracy, p. 229.

self-seeking, hypocrisy—these and their kindred vices he sees and deplores. But back of them he points out the more fundamental defect of want of faith in a high purpose behind the universe. While it is true that, as Mrs. Havelock-Ellis points out, "the vice of separateness is to Carpenter the veritable sin against the Holy Ghost"[11]; yet it is even truer that this, like the lesser sins, springs out of the materialism and skepticism of our time.

A nation is dying—
Dying slowly and surely of Unbelief—and there can be no deadlier disease: no plague of the middle ages, no cholera epidemic, deadlier.[12]

If this were all he had to tell us, he could never have made good his boast: "I am the poet of hitherto unuttered joy!"[13] With vision truly cosmic, Mr. Carpenter beholds the entire evolutionary journey from the brute to the god. And if you have thrilled to Keats' story of Endymion, and the bejewelled path he trod from mortality to immortality, far greater will be your exaltation following this modern poet as he traces the inevitable upward trend of all life, and pictures the glory of the goal he sees ahead for us. What radiant hope is kindled by the mere announcement that we are still on the move!

11 Three Modern Seers, p. 213.
12 Towards Democracy, p. 113.
13 Towards Democracy, p. 65.

The Meaning of it All[14]

Ages and ages back,
Out of the long grass with infinite pain raising itself into a sitting position,
A creature—fore-runner of Man—with swift eyes glanced around.

So to-day once more,
With pain, pain and suffering—driven by what strange instinct—who can tell?
Out of the great jungle of Custom and supposed Necessity, into a new and wonderful life, to new and wonderful knowledge,
Surpassing words, surpassing all past experience—the Man, the meaning of it all,
Uprears himself again.

"After Civilization" is one of these triumphant heraldings of a new day, containing as concise an indictment of modern society as one could wish to read. This latter will be misunderstood unless it is clearly remembered that Mr. Carpenter considers the civilization period as only a short step on the road of the soul's progress. Elsewhere[15] he has explained that primitive man shares with the animals "simple consciousness", that is, a life without a sense of being at enmity with nature, or being an entity unaware that it can benefit at the expense of others. What competition exists is

[14] Towards Democracy, p. 266.
[15] The Art of Creation: Note on Three Stages of Consciousness.

instinctive and unconscious. Then comes the civilization period, whose note is selfishness. In this the individual experiences "complex" or "self" consciousness, which is necessary to build up a clear sense of individual cohesion, and ultimately of individual responsibility. This is the era of competition, of property rights, and all the separating forces. Outgrowing that, we reach again a state of simple consciousness, but on a plane much above the earlier one; and as it includes rather than obliterates self-consciousness it is usually called "cosmic" consciousness. In Mr. Carpenter's view, humanity is almost ready to enter this phase of existence.

In the first soft winds of spring, while snow yet lay on the ground—
Forth from the city into the great woods wandering,
Into the great silent white woods where they waited in their beauty and majesty
For man their companion to come:
There, in vision, out of the wreck of cities and civilizations,
I saw a new life arise.

Slowly out of the ruins of the past—like a young fern-frond uncurling out of its own brown litter—
Out of the litter of a decaying society, out of the confused mass of broken down creeds, customs, ideals,
Out of distrust and unbelief and dishonesty, and Fear, meanest of all (the stronger in the panic trampling the weaker underfoot);

Out of miserable rows of brick tenements with their cheapjack interiors, their glances of suspicion, and doors locked against each other;

Out of the polite residences of congested idleness; out of the aimless life of wealth;

Out of the dirty workshops of evil work, evilly done;

Out of the wares which are no wares poured out upon the markets, and in the shop-windows,

The fraudulent food, clothing, drink, literature;

Out of the cant of Commerce—buying cheap and selling dear—the crocodile sympathy of nation with nation,

The smug merchant posing as a benefactor of his kind, the parasite parsons and scientists;

The cant of Sex, the impure hush clouding the deepest instincts of boy and girl, woman and man;

The despair and unbelief possessing all society—rich and poor, educated and ignorant, the money-lender, the wage-slave, the artist and the washerwoman alike;

All feeling the terrible pressure and tension of the modern problem;

Out of the litter and muck of a decaying world,

Lo! even so

I saw a new life arise.[16]

As we follow the recital of "the soul's slow disentanglement"[17] through the longer poem, "After Long Ages", it becomes more evident that the Prophet is no sentimental lunatic chanting of an illusory Earthly

[16] Towards Democracy, p. 260.
[17] Towards Democracy, p. 86.

Paradise around the corner—some land where "modern conveniences" may be had without price, and where the population engage in a little joyous labor occasionally to keep themselves healthy. Rather is the reader bewildered, dazed, by the vistas, stretching out before and behind for millions of years, and into which he is invited to gaze. The goal which we must reach at length can only be named in terms of values not material but spiritual. Meanwhile "Sweet are the uses of life"[18]; and it is no matter for sadness that the way is so long, and our progress so slow. Life after life (for Mr. Carpenter is a believer in reincarnation) the human nomad feels its way forward. Thinking in terms of centuries and eras makes the troubles of the moment shrink to almost nothing. In the long view cause and effect are seen and understood as they can never be in the inspection of a few score years. The objective—far ahead but inevitable—illuminates the pages. Every little while throughout "Towards Democracy" Mr. Carpenter allows its radiance to dazzle and inspire us, like some transcendental lighthouse flashing its periodic message of encouragement.

Centuries long in her antechambers tarrying,
Lost in strange mazes, wandering, dissatisfied—in sin and sorrow, lonely, despised and fallen—

[18] Towards Democracy, p. 226.

At length the soul returns to Paradise.

* * * * * * * *

Centuries long in her antechambers tarrying,
Lost in strange mazes, wandering dissatisfied,
Out of the windows peering wondering longing,
Following the shadowy angel—by others unseen—that comes and beckons,
Leaving all, leaving house and home, leaving year-long plans and purposes, ease and comfort,
Leaving good name and reputation and the sound of familiar voices, untwining loved arms from about her neck, yet twining them closer than ever—
Through the great gates, redeemed, liberated, suddenly in joy over the whole universe expanding—after her many thousand year-long exile,
At length the soul returns to Paradise.

* * * * * * * *

From a tiny spark she ascends and irradiates the universe, and is wedded to the prince of heaven.[19]

Gazing upon the enormous drama of evolution, so vast that planetary systems come and go like actors on a stage; amid the birth and decay of suns; Mr. Carpenter sees: "Ever the same human face, ever the same brute men and women—poignant with what divine obscure attractions—"[20] And he says to each: "I am

[19] Towards Democracy, p. 228.
[20] Towards Democracy, p. 319.

come to be the interpreter of yourself to yourself."[21] For, like the other Great Ones, Edward Carpenter's interest in the Scheme is something more than the dispassionate inquisitiveness of the scientist. He is, above all, a lover of life—all life—and of men—all men, favored and ill-favored, black and white, rich and poor. No mere socialist, no mere vegetarian, no mere anti-vivisectionist would ever blaze forth: "All that you have for love's sake spend."[22] The intensely personal note of his messages of comfort and good hope is the real secret of his hold upon his readers. Each feels the words spoken to himself: surely "To a Stranger" or "To a Friend"[23] must be a letter from the author to the one who holds the book in his hands. And how cheering his whispered assurance!—"All tools shall serve—all trades, professions, ranks and occupations."[24] Only a "compassionater" could have the divine audacity to frame and publish the promise: "That which you have desired—in silence—shall come abundantly to you."[23]

This love of his, at once universal and particular, is one of the primary elements of "Towards Democracy". A fair sized anthology could be made illustrating it. The ardor of the following passage is typical:

[21] Towards Democracy, p. 66.
[22] Towards Democracy, p. 230.
[23] Towards Democracy, p. 166.
[24] Towards Democracy, p. 232.

To the sweet healthy-bodied English girl, and to the drink marked prostitute, and to the convicted criminals, the diseased decrepit and destitute of all the Earth:

Lo! my children I give myself to you; I stretch my arms; on the lips of each one in the name of all I kiss you:

Come! And out of your clinging kisses, see! I create a new world.[25]

We turn from Socrates, the corrupter of youth, and Jesus, the supplanter of the Mosaic Law, to smile at the anxiety of those who fear Mr. Carpenter as a menace to the moral code. As is usual with such Teachers he promulgates a positive rather than a negative morality:

Ignorance breeds Fear, and Fear breeds Greed, and Greed that Wealth whose converse is Poverty—and these again breed Strife and Fear in endless circles;

But Experience (which in time to all must come) breeds Sympathy, and Sympathy Understanding, and Understanding Love;

And Love leads Helpfulness by the hand, to open the gates of Power unlimited—even for that new race which now appears.[26]

Emerson was right. Such men are always creating new values in the moral sphere, and so are destructive, to some extent, to established ideas. Why should not our views on this subject be open to improvement? For note well that each reformer points to a wider field of

[25] Towards Democracy, p. 16.
[26] Towards Democracy, p. 393.

responsibility. Each sees, too, the more insidious vices of the time, and denounces those sins which are being overlooked because of their very prevalence and universal condonation. While apparently acquiescing in every sort of misdemeanor, Mr. Carpenter is really substituting a much higher and sterner ethic.

For (over and over again) there is nothing that is evil except because a man has not mastery over it; and there is no good thing that is not evil if it have mastery over a man;

And there is no passion or power, or pleasure or pain, or created thing whatsoever, which is not ultimately for man and for his use—or which he need be afraid of, or ashamed at.

The ascetics and the self-indulgent divide things into good and evil—as it were to throw away the evil;

But things cannot be divided into good and evil, but all are good so soon as they are brought into subjection.[27]

All things are tested at last for their spiritual values. "Of that which exists in the Soul, political freedom and institutions of equality, and so forth, are but the shadows (necessarily thrown)"[28] is a speech so akin to Plato in its transcendentalism that it is little short of miraculous that its author should be scientist as well as philosopher, occultist as well as mystic.

[27] Towards Democracy, p. 362.
[28] Towards Democracy, p. 10.

The prose works, some twenty in number, are clear and direct in style—eminently readable—effervescing every now and then with spontaneous humor. No one needs special preparation before reading them. In form some of them are light and popular; in their totality they cover an encyclopædic range of matters of current interest in science, religion, philosophy, sociology and political economy. As mystic and occultist Mr. Carpenter makes Maeterlinck appear amateurish. The occult arts, like any other, have to be learnt, and this is what modern dabblers in psychism have not grasped. Mr. Carpenter speaks out of the experience and study of a lifetime.

"The Art of Creation" I look upon as the most important from a philosophical standpoint. It has the advantage of being written in plain, ordinary language, and is anything but dull. Along with this I would name "The Drama of Love and Death" wherein certain occult doctrines are discussed lucidly and reasonably. "Love's Coming of Age" is his most popular book. It is devoted to sex, and is a sane, up-to-date, invaluable little treatise. Bracketed with this are "The Intermediate Sex" and "Intermediate Types Among Primitive Folk". These deal with the problem of the Uranian. "England's Ideal" and "Civilization, Its Cause and Cure" are among his most popular and entertaining books. In them Mr. Carpenter deals with the problems of wages, dividends,

food, drink and clothing, and other homely and everyday matters. Not since the death of Thoreau has economy, political and domestic, had such original treatment. Any Utopias sighted are of a most practical and accessible kind. "The Defence of Criminals" in "Civilization" takes its place as a classic. No English essayist has ever excelled the humor of that.

"Pagan and Christian Creeds" (his latest, 1920) collects, and offers in predigested form, the nutriment only to be obtained formerly by slowly masticating Frazer's "Golden Bough" and many other voluminous and soggy works. At a time when the doctrines of the Christian Church are being rehauled this book will prove valuable. All laymen who are troubled as to what to believe (and who escapes this doubt?) should read this volume, and learn whence sprang the beliefs and ceremonials which we perpetuate. Do not be alarmed. Our author is unorthodox, yes, but no infidel. The defence of religion is his business.

At 82, Mr. Carpenter is living quietly near London, and recently stated in a letter that he "still enjoys a 20-mile walk occasionally". The vigor of even his latest writings is phenomenal. For details of his unique career the enquirer is referred to his autobiographical work, "My Days and Dreams", published ten years ago. The best brief, comprehensive survey of his philosophy is "Edward Carpenter's Message to his Age" by Mrs.

Havelock-Ellis in "Three Modern Seers". Between us, I hope you will be convinced that "Towards Democracy" is not a book to be borrowed, but one to be bought. In closing I quote one of her most significant sentences, which bears out my general contention: "Carpenter's value as a reformer is that his message or philosophy can be applied equally to the right making of a pudding or the fine framing of new national laws, and yet the very pith of his message has to do with the things which are not temporal but eternal."

Whiter Than Snow

WHITER THAN SNOW

IT WAS, as usual, on that street of high adventure—McDermot Avenue—that the thing befel me. A tired, white horse, hitched to a laundry wagon, beckoned to me after the manner of his kind. Now if a human had so disturbed my reverie I would have expressed my resentment in plainer terms than a well-bred man ever allows himself to indulge in. For I was engaged in being profoundly satisfied with Ruskin, and his opinion of that text so often found over church doors: "*This* is the House of God, and *this* is the Gate of Heaven." You will remember how Ruskin recalls the history of the phrase; how the boy, Jacob, overcome by weariness from his journey, and having no shelter, lay down in a stony field to sleep; and after the angels had visited him there at night, he rose up glad in the morning, saying: "This is surely none other than the House of God . . . " Ruskin points out shrewdly: "not this church . . . but this *place;* this windy slope of Wharnside, this *any* place where God lets down the ladder."

And I was thinking, of course, of how foolish was our idea of the special sanctity of certain edifices when the horse called me. His difficulty seemed to be that a rein, caught over the shaft, prevented him from eating

grass on the boulevard. Having adjusted the harness and accepted his grateful thanks in the form of a nose pressed gently against my shoulder, I turned to see why a laundry wagon should be standing without a driver in front of a church. At this moment the door opened, and the driver appeared with a pail of water for his beast. From the doorway there also issued into the night air a cloud of steam, and through it I could see men working with machinery. Then the door closed, and I went home greatly piqued. I commenced to regret my failure to attend divine worship of late. The particularly evangelical brand of Christianity that flourished in that place was evidently becoming up-to-date. Either its adherents were following the community theatre movement, and staging a realistic little hell; or else they had become efficient—had discarded the old methods of saving souls by hand, and had installed modern equipment to do it by some patent process.

Next morning, on my way to work, I looked closely at the building. The old notic-eboard was gone. In its place was a sign, reading: "Imperial Wet Wash". Now it so happens, in our ever-growing city, that the various Protestant congregations are continually selling their church buildings and erecting new ones in the better residential districts as they shift farther and farther from the business centers. Most of these abandoned struc-

tures are sold—often to Jews—and they soon blossom out as auction-rooms and second-hand furniture stores. The pews are ripped out; the organ is sold to some struggling little congregation that cannot afford a newly built one, and has been contenting itself with a melodeon. A roll-top desk turns the vestibule into an office. If the location is near a school, a portion of the building may be partitioned off and rented as a store where cigarettes, candy and chewing-gum can be bought. The main floor space is given over entirely to a stock of cheap iron beds, dusty sets of crockery and filthy mattresses, with such other odds and ends of discarded house furnishings as the dealer happens to have acquired. Before all the stock can be moved in, a window or two manages to get broken, and these are promptly mended by nailing boards or sheets of tin over them. Then large signs are painted on, or fastened to, the front of the building; the proprietor, pipe in mouth, seats himself in the doorway; and the process of undedication is complete. What was temporarily sacred has now become permanently profane.

Nor are the results always happier when efforts have been made to secure purchasers of a sort that the building is not likely to be turned immediately into a junk-shop. One congregation in the West sold its church to a well-known corporation, and saw its prompt transformation into a wholesale liquor store. Another con-

gregation, failing to secure a sufficiently respectable purchaser, allowed its building to stand empty. Some months later the police found an illicit distillery flourishing in the basement.

From which instances it will be seen that if a church, abandoned as such, is not to become the scene of undignified industry it must be taken away. This was once contemplated. A millionaire, whose funds went far to build and maintain a church near his centrally located home, decided to erect a more pretentious residence in a more fashionable quarter. He proposed to take his church with him; and, indeed, went so far as to get estimates of the cost of taking the structure down, stone by stone, moving it, and setting it up again on a lot convenient to his new home. Unfortunately the good man was dissuaded because people thought it something of a jest that one man should so far own a church as to be able to carry it around with him like a suit-case.

The only other solution of the difficulty is that adopted by the congregation which continues to operate the older church as a kind of mission for the boarding-house district in which it is situated, with the idea of turning it ultimately into a community center, or settlement house. Of course this can only be done if a congregation is wealthy enough to stand the double expense of maintaining two churches, as little revenue can be

expected in that district from which the wealthier families have moved.

Voltaire's metaphor about the "washing of dirty linen" has formed a permanent link between laundry and politics. Yet, as I passed the "Imperial Wet Wash" four times a day, I could not help reflecting on the close association that has generally existed between the ideas of cleanliness and holiness. Certain sects have held that the act of cleansing the body was derogatory to the health of the soul. Both Christendom and Heathendom furnish many examples of this. St. Augustine was a man whose zeal for heavenly things led him to believe it a sin to make the slightest effort to remove physical dirt from his person. And it is seen, in the final analysis, that it is possible for a very dirty man to be righteous, and even holy.

But in most times and countries the contrary opinion has been held with a good deal of tenacity, and for sound and almost obvious reasons. On account of the interactions between body and soul, dwelt on so forcefully by teachers as far apart in time as Pythagoras, Browning and Whitman, it is a matter of the utmost difficulty to keep the one clean while the other is filthy.

The notion of a direct connection between godliness and sanitation has so far prevailed over the contrary theory that Bacon was led to exclaim: "Cleanness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence

to God, to society and to ourselves"; while the Koran disposes of the matter in the terser sentence: "God loveth the clean". It is plain, then, that if the building could no longer be put to sacerdotal uses, it could hardly have been turned into anything more harmonious with religion than a laundry is. The Romans were a pious people: they always honored the Gods whether they believed in Them or not. The Romans were also famous for their baths. From them the early Britons caught the habit of bathing, which their descendants have since carried to unparalleled lengths. So much so that, had I been proprietor of the "Imperial Wet Wash", I think I should have had painted over the entrance the fervent words of that greatest Englishman of all Scotchmen, Thomas Carlyle: "What worship is there not in mere washing!"

Is it sophistry alone that justifies, or appears to justify, the practice of using old churches for commercial purposes? With what regret I used to see the little, old, green building, built and used for so long as a church, tremble with the pulsations of the gasoline engines of the "Imperial Wet Wash"! How incongruous it seemed to see the steam pouring from the windows, and an odd stream of dirty, soapy water trickling out of one of the doors and down the steps! Ruskin was right in affirming that to an impartial Deity no spot on the earth's surface is more sacred than any other spot.

But any sensitive person, who has ever stood quietly in a church, has felt unmistakably the beat of angels' wings; and if it has been the misfortune of that person to stand later in the same building—now become an auction-room or garage—he must have been deeply aware that something beautiful had departed.

I believe with Milton that:

> God attributes to place
> No sanctity, if none be thither brought
> By men who there frequent.

So I believe that the spiritual presences of which we are aware in a church are nothing more than the accumulated thoughts and emotions which men and women have generated there. The same psychic atmosphere can be built up elsewhere, just as the artist who has achieved a good effect can probably repeat the performance. But we should look on any artist as a lunatic who destroyed a picture simply because he had the power to reproduce it.

Following Milton's idea that it is the love and aspiration of man that makes sacred a church building, we come naturally to the question whether the men who have sold a church did not carry to it, during their occupancy, the same mercenary souls which ultimately allowed them to part with the structure, and to view calmly its desecration. Are not churches maintained

by the earnings of business? Could they continue to operate without the patronage of the "merchant prince"? In feudal days, the knight or baron built his chapel in the castle. The priest or parson was a member of his retinue, slept in the hall with the other servants, and conducted services when bidden to do so. I do not see why, in this commercial age, churches are not physical units of the department-stores, factories and wholesale-houses which maintain them, and whose staffs they serve. Let the minister be entered on the pay-roll with the rest of us: it would be more in accord with the underlying actualities.

However sentimental we may become at the sight of these churches being used by auctioneers and merchants, the practice has one advantage: it helps to rid us of the superstition that true worship is ever localized; that any place is "sacred" within the conventional meaning of the term. It is a variation of the old lesson that Peter taught with his symbols of the clean and the unclean beasts. However much such changes hurt us, and, if we are honest, we must admit that they do hurt us, still it is good for us that we be so hurt. For habit is the great narcotic enslaver of the soul. In this matter of churches the truth was pithily summed up by Bishop Andrews in his sermon before James I in 1622: "The nearer the church, the further from God."

Lest you think my argument about the special holiness of laundries a wholly fantastic one, I must add that the "Imperial Wet Wash" failed after a shorter span of life than was enjoyed by the evangelical body that preceded it. The people of that district were as little susceptible to the attractions of sanitation as to the appeal of the spiritual. They cared not a whit that either their souls or their underwear should be made whiter than snow.

The Cult of Whitman

THE CULT OF WHITMAN

THE question is often asked: Did Whitman know how great he was, did he realize the importance of his life and message, and did he rank himself with the great spiritual teachers of the human race? What is said about the "great Companions" in "Song of the Open Road" indicates that he was aware of the existence of a band of highly evolved men, who are at once the leaders, instructors and servants of mankind. His poem to Jesus leaves no room for doubt that he considered himself one of these saviors:

To Him That Was Crucified

My spirit to yours dear brother,
Do not mind because many sounding your name do not understand you,
I do not sound your name, but I understand you,
I specify you with joy O my comrade to salute you, and to salute those who are with you, before and since, and those to come also,
That we all labor together transmitting the same charge and succession,
We few equals indifferent of lands, indifferent of times,
We, enclosures of all continents, all castes, allowers of all theologies,
Compassionaters, perceivers, rapport of men,

We walk silent among disputes and assertions, but reject
not the disputers nor any thing that is asserted,
We hear the bawling and din, we are reach'd at by divi-
sions, jealousies, recriminations on every side,
They close peremptorily upon us to surround us, my
comrade,
Yet we walk upheld, free, the whole earth over, journey-
ing up and down till we make our ineffaceable mark
upon time and the diverse eras,
Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women
of races, ages to come, may prove brethren and
lovers as we are.

What is the present duty of the earnest Whitmanian? Obviously to preserve in their purity the records of Whitman's character and ideals. The greatest danger now facing Whitman's continued influence is the adoption of Whitman by the very type of reactionary mind that he opposed with all his strength. Whereas he was a rebel in his art and his philosophy, he is being taken up by conventional people. Once a heretic, he has had the halo of the saint jammed on his brows by the literary archbishops of our day. He is praised by schoolmasters and approved by priests. Yearly he is being more and more regularized and emasculated by the orthodox.

It has got to the point where one hardly dare quote at a Whitman gathering his injunction to Traubel: "Whatever you do do not prettify me. Put in all the hells and damns." The Whitman cult is slowly and

quietly being captured by persons with the instincts of priests and schoolmasters, and once they are in complete control of the tradition you may expect a rigid expurgation of "Leaves of Grass", and the systematic suppression of all biographical details that conflict with the tenets of the Ku Klux Klan, the Y.M.C.A., the Salvation Army and every other body representing the conventional view of theology and morals.

Jesus fought tooth and nail against the Pharisees, Scribes and hypocrites of his day, and sought to establish brotherhood in a way that meant the destruction of the death-grip of the Mosaic Law. Whitman fought against the narrow puritanism and standardized ethics of a later century and newer civilization. And just as the Christian Church, with its pomp and ceremonies, its bulls and edicts and the endless ramification of ecclesiastical law, took the spirit of Jesus out of the Christian religion, replacing it with formalism, the intolerance of the Inquisition and the present-day club of legislation; so in our own day the cult of Whitman is being made respectable and harmless from within.

The inner ranks of Whitman's living professed disciples contain an ever-increasing number of persons as alien from him in spirit as the high priests of long ago were from him that was crucified. Puritanical and prurient, hypocritical, intolerant and narrow, these persons represent the gravest danger the Whitman tradition

has ever faced. The wider public needs no missionaries; the fame of Whitman is spreading rapidly enough; but the earnest Whitmanian of to-day should look well to the things that are being done and said in his name, where lip-service has replaced head-understanding and heart-allegiance. Generally these attacks from the inside are made by persons too ignorant and bigoted to realize how alien their inclinations and purposes are from Whitman's—"Many sounding your name do not understand you."

Therefore those who do understand must exercise more than ordinary vigilance, because they are the only corrective to these subversive tendencies, and on them alone rests the burden of preserving in its original rugged strength and grandeur that ideal for which Whitman stood—tolerance, candor, independence of thought and action, liberty of conscience, the exaltation of the flesh as well as the soul, love—physical, mental and spiritual —the essential divinity of man and the refusal to bow to "outside authority" unless preceded by "inside authority", and a FAITH IN LIFE ITSELF, that banishes fear and meanness and shame, and replaces them with dignity, assurance and straightforwardness:

I think I could turn and live with animals, they're so
placid and self-contained,
I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the
mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived
thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

The Wages of Sin

THE WAGES OF SIN

SLEEK and at ease the boot-legger stepped from the barber's chair. As the attendant rushed forward to brush imaginary dust from his suit, the rich man surveyed his image in the glass contentedly: his hair shone; his pink cheeks shone; and in his eyes, too, there was the shine of quite natural pleasure at the prospect of a perfectly groomed man. The barber deferentially handed him his bill—$2.50. With assurance, but without the vulgar ostentation with which the poor display money, he with whom all was well drew from his pocket a large roll of bills, from which his shining, manicured fingers selected three ones, and, wishing everybody a courteous "Good day", he left the shop without so much as a nod to indicate that the 50c change was to be retained as a tip.

Here was a shining example of the virtue of mere wealth. The man was equally without pride of birth or the culture that education makes possible; but he had money, and he spent it to make himself more presentable; whatever of the obvious refinements of life could be had for cash, he bought. Moreover the power of coin, and the immunity of Dives from the baser vices of fear and stinginess, had given him grace of bearing:

he conducted himself almost like a gentleman. Or did that mean "almost" arise from the snobbery of poverty; was it the slur of self-protection, the smug lie that really nice people never have money? The Duke of Knockrovey could not have conducted himself more civilly. Yet there it was—the feeling that a boot-legger, like Mr. Salteena, simply could not be wholly the gentleman —and whether the thought came from the prejudice of caste, or steel-true intuition below the threshold of reason, can never be known until we have learned to dissect the mind and heart as scientifically as the bodily tissues.

In the chair on the right a bald-headed note-shaver settled himself with a smirk. From the enormous diamond on the hand lying along the arm of the chair, the soulless radiance of the tie-pin could be deduced; and soon that flashing ring and the shining top of his cranium were all that was to be seen of the prosperous usurer except his long, curved, swarthy nose, rising like a fantastic island from the snow-white foam of shaving-soap. Though neither as interesting nor as engaging a fellow as he of the illicit bottle, this oppressor of the poor also had found that iniquity paid well.

All my surroundings seemed specially designed to impress upon me that the wages of sin are both high and immediate: the newspaper I held announced in the first headline I glanced at that a financier, recently driven out of Toronto because of his notorious dis-

honesty, had successfully floated a loan in London for an even million. And it was disconcerting to reflect that I who work at an occupation sanctioned by law (I do not say it is any honester than these others) should be compelled to limit my patronage to 50¢ for a hair-cut, and do my own shampooing at home with a 10¢ cake of soap that must perform many other duties beside.

Virtue may be all very well in its way; but, as Peter McArthur put it: "the sinner gets many pleasant pickings that never fall in the way of the righteous". And now that popular theology has reached the point where people are not greatly deterred from one course of action or impelled toward another by any vigorous faith in punishment or reward in a life to come, which even the clergy are beginning to admit freely they know nothing about, we may well pause to enquire why one should travel the road of penury.

If the saying that virtue is its own reward has any meaning whatever, which I doubt, it can only imply that the good man will hug himself inwardly in a secret pharisaism, much akin to my own instinctive snobbery in believing that certain advantages I have enjoyed have made me somehow a prettier fellow in the sight of God than the whiskey-pedlar. It is not always so secret either; and the sight of conscious rectitude is something to turn one's stomach forever against all codes and moral laws that were ever invented.

As rationalism swept over Europe men turned increasingly to logic to justify the austerities of the virtuous life, seeking in health, long life, honors in old age, and freedom from such hazards as jails, the compensation for an existence spent mostly in physical and emotional meagreness. This materialistic attitude toward the (hypothetical) rewards of virtue, this search for a cash-and-carry heaven as suiting the temper of the age better than the old credit heaven, was epitomized when Benjamin Franklin, in America, framed the best known of "Poor Richard's" aphorisms: "Honesty is the best policy". Because most people are honest, and therefore glad of justification, this saying was not only revered as true, but became a sort of mental cornerstone in American character. Virtue paid—*spot cash!* It was a fine doctrine to inculcate into employes and those likely to become such, just as a political no less than a military leader preaches loyalty. For honesty and loyalty and all unselfishness is a marvellous good thing for us—when it exists in others: past all doubt if honesty can harm anybody it can only prove injurious to him who practises it: those who deal with an honest man can lose nothing.

So, despite any evidence against its soundness, this central dogma of Americanism was universally subscribed to by the poor and honest, to the great benefit of those not quite so scrupulous, until the courageous

Theodore Roosevelt hurled his phrase: "malefactors of great wealth". Forthwith the tide of hatred was loosed by those who had not against those who had; and wealth became *prima facie* proof of guilt, poverty of virtue.

Oddly, though greed was at the bottom of it, the movement was not away from the doctrine of the sure fruits of honesty toward an imitation of the methods of the envied rich of securing the coin by any means a highly paid lawyer could convince an ignorant jury was legal, but toward the establishment of a tattertail aristocracy of moral worth among the needy. And so strong was this new, bitter religion that the rich, both those who made their money by questionable practices and those who had inherited it, have been busy to this day throwing alms to the multitude in careless millions in the form of universities and libraries and parks, lest the mob fall upon them and destroy them. The whole situation is illogical as most human situations are.

Tennyson, caught fairly between the ancient idea of divine sanctions and the rising disbelief, and too much the seer to fling his readers upon the barren rock of righteousness for righteousness' sake, to which so many of his intellectual contemporaries clung after the good ship *Hope of Heaven* foundered, sought desperately to furnish a new reason for being good, and never got closer to it than in his little "Wages":

She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

The harp and the halo and the pearly gates are flung away with a brave gesture likely to inspirit to fresh adventures the staunch but weary soul. There is a challenge in his call to fight on doggedly for the mere joy of obstacles overcome. Who—especially in youth—has not thrilled to the poet's rallying-cry, felt it was a fine thing to struggle valiantly without thought of surrender? Yet of the motive for all this valor—that I think, was the theme—the *casus belli*, objective and reward of the conflict, what do these fine-sounding, rhythmic phrases come down to in the end? The awareness of living, the racing blood under great exertion; and that is all. It is the age-old call to action, irresistible to strong, energetic youth. But when one is old and tired and battle-scarred, "the glory of going on" is not so appealing if it means going on foot, while others ride.

Edward Carpenter is one who has expressed a readiness to believe that there is as much sense in going against morals, that is the legally protected or socially sacrosanct customs of the day and country, as in conforming to them. In his "Defence of Criminals" he opens a question most of us tacitly agree has long been settled, though the grounds of the original settlement

no longer hold good. "But is he there in the dock", this author asks, "the patch-coated brawler or burglar, really harmful to Society? is he more harmful than the mild old gentleman in the wig who pronounces sentence upon him?" And Mr. Carpenter proceeds to show that morals are mere matters of date and geography, and even of class, as where a theatrical censor told me in all seriousness that he insisted on dancers wearing more clothes in the Royal Alexandra Theatre than in Massey Hall, the sanctity of the latter building presumably throwing over the performers a thicker veil of propriety than the former could supply. Of socialistic leanings, Mr. Carpenter suggests that property crimes, which constitute nine-tenths of the whole, are an insistence by thieves on rights men enjoyed under the ancient communal system, and that it is they who are unconsciously keeping the way open for a return to that system. Since 1890, when he wrote the essay, state ownership has grown so rapidly that his notions about the ultimate abolition of private property rights do not sound nearly as unthinkable as they must have when he wrote it.

Always granting that infringements of the law are foolish on grounds of expediency, I could not, cudgel my brains as I would, find any particularly satisfactory reason for sticking to the ill-paid service of virtue and abstaining from such profitable pieces of wickedness as might have enriched me. To go no deeper, my truth-

fulness is a nuisance. Many a time lying praise of a book would save unpleasantness, and, in obverse, my laudation of excellent works by unpopular persons has more than once prevented my forming lucrative friendships among the mammals of unrighteousness.

When Clarence Darrow and others plead that the criminal is the victim of heredity and environment, and should be treated scientifically and not punished, they are largely right. But there is another factor—instinct. Some are born with a tendency to crime unaccountable by heredity and ineradicable by training: they are inherently and, seemingly, incurably vicious. Society cannot be blamed for desiring to protect itself from the depredations of criminals, but the idea that they err from unrestricted choice is bosh.

Your virtuous man is no more responsible for his course in life than the criminal. Instinct, heredity, training, and he is; and according to his nature he acts. The chief reason a man behaves himself is because he cannot help it; and putting on airs about his honesty or chastity or loyalty is only an attempt at self-comfort over habits he at times feels are unwise. Deeper than reason is this propulsion toward meritorious conduct. No man struggles to prevent himself kicking his mother in the face. If the act enters his mind as a possibility, the chances are he will kick her, without a qualm. Normally, a man is born with a love for his mother that

makes the deed unlikely, learns in the home and school and from associates a chivalry toward all women (that may be quite silly but) that precludes such a conception as kicking his mother from ever forming in his brain.

It was thinking thoughts like these that I stepped out onto the sidewalk, resigned to forego careers in forgery or safe-blowing, having decided that they were not very congenial pursuits, no matter what the wage. I did not seem to be cut out for that kind of work: I was sure I was happier as I was. Basic instincts, parentage, education and friends fitted me for the one thing and not the other. As I had done so far, I would continue; and prayed that I might not contract the grumbling habit.

The wind was cold on the back of a cropped head; and I stopped to turn up the collar of my overcoat. A well known courtesan, decorated with costly furs, was sitting in a Packard waving to some one. A man came up and spoke to her. I recognized him from his pictures in the papers five years before when he had been sent to the penitentiary for theft of public funds. A high government official he was before his "downfall", and I remembered seeing mention of his recent liberation. I put "downfall" in quotations because it was pretty clear from the evidence at the trial that there was at least a quarter of a million waiting his pleasure on completion of his term. He looked as though he had a good

twenty years freedom left in which to enjoy it, and from the looks of the lady I judged he had begun care-free experiments with the fruits of office.

I was on my way to pay my taxes, and had gone several blocks before I realized with a shock that some of the money in my pocket, scraped together by hours of late toil, would likely be applied to wipe out the deficit caused by this very dis-Honorable Gentleman, and even now finding its way to his gay companion. In a flash I was righteously angry; then not quite so righteously, determining to grab all the money in the tax office and run. But when I got in there, the teller was in an iron grill cage, as in a bank, and he kept his money in a drawer under the counter; and I did not have any revolver; and all I got (as usual) was my receipt. Wondering in my bitterness just how many years I would be paying for the defaulter's haul, I found myself just for the moment, and for the first and only time, regretting that my father had been quite so upright a man.

"The glory of going on"—*me* going on paying for *his* sin. Not so heroic, dear Laureate, as you thought! and so I trudged back to the office profoundly dissatisfied at heart with the inherent and acquired limitations that debar me from the substantial wages of iniquity.

It does not seem right; but that is the way it is.

A Theory of Book-Reviewing

A THEORY OF BOOK-REVIEWING

WHILE John Macy speaks of book-reviewing as an art, Robert Courtes Holliday classes this occupation as a "literary chore". It is fairly obvious from even casual perusal of the many literary journals now flourishing among us that it may be either. The brief, inert notice, that so often heralds the publication of new books, is patently the result of sheer drudgery; and its spinelessness and tepidity betray the fact that its author hated his work. It is absurd to refer to such productions as examples of an "art". On the other hand, many reviews are sheer triumphs of literary skill. Between the two extremes are many grades varying from poor to competent.

There are two reasons for the prevalence of the generally inferior article. Book-reviewing, on the whole, is an ill-paid occupation. The editor of the average newspaper or magazine begrudges even ordinary space rates for this class of work, little realizing how eagerly readers turn to a review column which they can count on being well written. The magazines and literary supplements pay a reasonable, though never a high price for a good review. (The best criticism commands approximately the same rate as the poorest fiction.)

Hence these periodicals attract the best talent in the market, and those genuinely interested in new books subscribe to some such publication. The newspaper editor who complains that the reviews are not read is frequently correct in his suspicions. Hastily written reviews, scribbled off by hurried reporters, who have neither talent, training nor inclination for this specialized form of writing, are never worth the reading. It is no secret that such reviewers seldom give the books entrusted to them a thorough reading—often from mere lack of time—and one can hardly be surprised that readers find the reviews dull, and do not read them regularly. Many a newspaper column, written in this slipshod way, is a clear waste of space.

The other reason for the appearance of poor reviews, sometimes even in publications of a high literary standing, is that there has been comparatively little written about reviewing as an art. With more discussion about the technique of the review, even the busy reporter and the unpaid special contributor to the local weekly may take heart, and improve their work considerably.

It has been said that criticism of one's contemporaries is not criticism but only conversation. There is a sense in which this is true. Literary history is full of examples of pronouncements that seemed wise at the time but appeared foolish to later generations, though this state of affairs has been by no means universal. If we were

to accept such a theory, then reviews would become descriptive essays pure and simple, and reviewers would lose that opportunity for balancing description and argument which tests the skill of the writer, and makes it possible to refer to the practice as an art.

We need not here enter into discussion of the permanent value of the critical opinions expressed by reviewers. Even those who work under the most favorable conditions are limited as to time, and often live to regret what they have said, changing their views on maturer reflection. But whatever the ultimate value of these tentative judgments, the review which does not deliver a verdict has failed in its chief function. The reader, guided by a very true instinct, does not want a bloodless description of what is in the book. He wants to know what the reviewer "thinks" about it.

And here we strike the core of the whole matter. How is the reviewer to know what to think? How is he to judge between good literature and bad? Which throws us back on the more fundamental query—"What is art?"

In the absence of any established code or definition, we are necessarily led to accept the theory of Benedetto Croce borrowed, as H. L. Mencken has pointed out in "Prejudices, First Series", from Carlyle and Goethe that every work of art is unique, a miracle, and therefore cannot be judged by any "standard", in the sense

of dogma or formula. The only positive test of any work of art is the favor of the cultured man.

The duty, then, of the reviewer is *to record his reactions*, which are the only possible judgments on books as works of art. And very real judgments they are though not to be confused with the decisions of magistrates, which have been reached by reference to statutes and legal precedents.

The value of a review is in direct ratio to the honesty and clarity with which these reactions are stated. The reviewer is a middleman, dealing with the author as producer and with the public as consumer. His function is to make known what manner of book has been produced. To do this he becomes one of the factors in an experiment. He, himself, as a representative of the public, eats of the food offered. Then he tries to tell what he thinks he has been eating and how he felt afterwards.

Or the reviewer may be likened to a stained-glass window. The book, being the production of a mind, may be thought of in terms of color and light. It is brilliant or sombre, and the various qualities, which the author has put into it, are like red, blue or orange lights coming out of the book. A reader cannot observe these lights unless he reads the book. But the public demands some knowledge without direct investigation. Hence the reviewer is used as a kind of window through which

the light of the book is strained. The light of the book, passing through the mind and personality of the reviewer, falls upon the floor. This is the impression, or review, that the public gets, and from which it makes up its mind whether the book is worth reading.

That purely imaginary creature, the perfect reviewer would be a flawless pane of white glass. Through his transparency we would get the equivalent of direct contact with the book itself.

But the reviewer is, like the author, a human being with a distinct personality and a patchwork mind. In reality, he is, therefore, a stained-glass window, with leaded panes of various sizes and shapes, having a wide range of colors—to say nothing of the opaque lead. So that, actually, a review is a complex thing, the result of the mind and personality of the author acting upon the mind and personality of the reviewer. The pattern on the floor, the review, is of different hues, broken into strange shapes, which do not wholly correspond to the intellect and temperament of either author or reviewer but are a queer compound of both.

The reviewer's patches are true indications of his cultural background, individual tastes and prejudices. Fortunately, this is well understood at least subconsciously by many persons. It is realized that the reviewer has put a great deal of himself into any competent review. By following a reviewer for a short time one

learns what manner of man he is, what equipment he brings to his task. One soon recognizes his bias in this or that direction. It is speedily apparent what education he has, and which of his likes and dislikes are rational, and which are irrational. Often it is possible to distinguish between ignorance and instinctive hatreds.

Having studied your reviewer, he becomes a safe guide. You know that his reactions are not going to be identical with your own. One reviewer, whom I found exceptionally satisfactory, was a man of violent prejudices, hardly any of which I shared. If he praised a certain type of book, I shunned it; and if he damned another sort, I knew I could buy it, and be sure of a treat. So it does not matter, in the main, what sort of personality the reviewer has—provided his mind is not perfectly opaque, impervious to ideas. One soon learns to allow for his idiosyncrasies, just as an archer used to allow for the wind. By a simple process of deduction it is possible to get a very clear idea of the original work, and its probable effect on yourself. All you have to do is interpret the pattern on the floor (the review) by what you know of the reviewer's personality as gathered from previous reviews. Thus, if you find a patch of brown in one corner, you immediately reflect that brown is caused by mixing red and green; that the reviewer is distinctly green in that recess of his mind; and, therefore, the original work showed red in that place.

Prejudice or lop-sidedness does not, in itself, impair his usefulness. But dishonesty does. A tendency to bluff is fatal. This may arise from two causes. The reviewer may wish to make out that he has personal acquaintance with matters of which he is, in fact, ignorant: when human knowledge must be so limited, it is easy to fall into this trap. Or the reviewer, seeing his own reaction widely at variance with the judgments of other critics of, perhaps, greater renown, loses faith in himself; and, out of a laudable attempt to be fair to the author and of genuine service to his readers, modifies his own impressions in an effort to compromise with prevailing opinion. He writes, then, not what he really feels, but what he thinks he ought to feel.

All he does, in either case, is to upset his reader. His lack of integrity results in confusion or error. His more intelligent reader will say: "What's the matter with Jones to-day? He doesn't seem to be himself." The less intelligent reader will work out the sum as usual, and not noticing that one of the factors has been changed, he will arrive at the wrong answer.

What has happened is that the reviewer, from pride or fear, has altered the normal positions of the many bits of vari-colored glass in the window—which is himself. The whole value of his work lies in keeping this factor constant, so far as may be, as he submits himself to one experiment after another, seeing what will happen

as different kinds of light are allowed to shine through him. Lack of forthrightness can only lead to confusion. So far as my chances of learning of what sort a book really is, I would rather have the honest opinion of an uneducated ditch-digger than a scholarly treatise by a college professor whose aim was to show how much he knew and what a cultured fellow he was.

Besides the courage which enables him to set forth his impressions accurately, regardless of whether he is going to be called a fool for thinking and feeling in that way, a reviewer *needs* no other equipment, though he will be helped tremendously by the possession of other qualities. I mean that naked courage will, of itself, lead a man to write useful reviews; but if that is his only asset he can never raise reviewing to the rank of an art. The highest level he can attain is scientific accuracy. Knowledge, a rich personality and literary ability are essentials for a reviewer who aims at artistic craftsmanship.

By knowledge, I do not mean omniscience, which is manifestly impossible of attainment. Those who have made honest efforts to cover the acknowledged classics know best how futile such an ambition is. And, from study of those who have made the best headway, I am not at all sure that special proficiency in the history of literature is an asset. Those who have it quite evidently sacrificed too much for it. But, provided it does not

result in mental anæmia, the more a reviewer has read the better; the more he knows, the better able will he be to contact a new author on the one hand, and the public on the other.

Which almost merges the "knowledge" requirement into the "personality" requirement. For what I am seeking to show is that the best reviewer is the one with the most points of contact—actual or potential—with other minds. Versatility will take him farther than scholarship. There is not so much danger in the author talking about something which is news to the reviewer as in the reviewer being unable to appreciate what the author is saying. If the book is on astronomy, and the reviewer has no previous knowledge of astronomy, he will be informed as he reads the book. But if he has nothing in him that can respond to the author's own (presumed) enthusiasm for his subject, then it makes no difference how many books on astronomy the reviewer has read previously: his review will be a failure because he has no real interest in the matter. A receptive mind and a responsive set of emotions are, next to courage, the best things a reviewer can possess.

For sympathy is the key-note to adequate interpretation. One writer has gone so far as to say that all valuable criticism has come from those who greatly admired the authors of whom they wrote. Another says: "Read the prose criticism of the great poets, but

only when they are lauding one another, never when they are pushing each other off Parnassus." The reason is not far to seek. Edward Carpenter has said: "Understanding breeds sympathy." Just as surely sympathy breeds understanding; and while I do not imply that one should adopt an uncritical attitude, and cheer without ceasing as each new book comes along, I do most sincerely believe that the wider the reviewer's sympathies, the more catholic his tastes, the more valuable his findings will be.

Lastly, as to the ability to write. I have long felt that nothing should be written or read unless it is interesting. In my day I have been ass enough to plow through many a book which I found stupid. I shall never do so again. Every day I am conscious of hundreds of books waiting for me—books that offer marvellous adventure and a thousand delights. Life is too short to waste any of it in boredom. In the same way, I rigorously eschew articles which I do not find attractive. Most people, I find, do likewise, though many of them with an expressed apology about "wanting" to read this and that but never finding time. They never really want to, but feel that they should want to, and are ashamed of themselves. The futile ambition to be well informed is something that, happily, I have outgrown. I love books; I read them with joy; and I am vastly entertained.

There is no reason why a review should not be entertaining. That does not mean that it must be facetious or witty, much less side-splitting. It may be these things, or it may be perfectly sober. But here, again we are thrown back on our own trail. For the secret of creating interest in a reader is genuine interest in the heart of the writer. Apart from such technical considerations as a reasonable vocabulary, I fail to see how a writer who is himself interested can fail to awaken interest in his readers. And there is no excuse for a dull or soggy review.

The ideal review, then, is the truthful record of the impression made by a certain book upon a well-read man, who has been stirred by it. It reflects the personalities of both author and reviewer, and holds the attention of its readers. It is at once a narrative, an exposition and a judgment; and it is, in itself, literature.

Making the Bible Safe for Democracy

MAKING THE BIBLE SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

THE infallibility of the Bible has suffered a shock at the hands of a band of modern editors, who have dropped two-thirds of the Old Testament and one-third of the New in their efforts to improve it. No matter how much one may approve of the idea of editing the Bible to make the reading easier and more coherent, and even of re-translation of parts to bring out the original meaning more clearly, despite the incidental sacrifice of the literary qualities of the Authorized Version unavoidable in such an act, one is yet forced to the conclusion that some motive besides pure scholarship has prompted the issue of "The Shorter Bible"[1].

The motive is not hard to deduce. The rigid puritanism that is fast engulfing the United States, as witnessed in the campaigns for prohibition, censorship of literature, and Sunday Blue Laws, has always been hampered by the sacred books of Christendom. Discussions on these topics often contain disturbing references to scriptural sanctions for the use of wine, to the fact that any rules framed to prohibit printed mention of adultery and

[1] "The Shorter Bible", edited by Charles Foster Kent and Associates; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; "The Old Testament" $2, "The New Testament" $1.25.

fornication would banish the Bible from the book-stores, and to the defiant Sabbath-breaking of Jesus that day among the corn when he told the Jews they were fools to be so strict. The fanatical zeal of the reformers for their reforms is leading them inevitably to discard the Sacred Books; and "The Shorter Bible" furnishes what must be for them a delightful compromise—the dropping of the inconvenient portions. Yet the close connection that generally exists between puritanism and fundamentalism makes it extremely strange to see a puritanical, voluntary censoring of the Word of God, which amounts to a denial of the infallibility of the Book.

The avowed object of this publication is to combine a revised version with Dr. Moulton's ideal of restoring literary and historical coherence as in "The Modern Reader's Bible", and the elimination of duplicated or insignificant passages. But those who are fortunate enough to possess "The Modern Reader's Bible" will remember that Dr. Moulton, himself a great scholar, stuck to the King James version on account of its unequalled beauty, and while he rearranged the text in a more logical manner he did not leave any of it out. And it is the omissions of "The Shorter Bible" that are most noteworthy.

These were attributed by many reviewers, and particularly in the late Fred Paul's trenchant editorial in *Saturday Night*, to a hidden desire to produce a

prohibition Bible. It was there pointed out that all casual or approving references to wine had been deleted, while all condemnatory references had been retained. Many specific instances were cited, including the change in David's rationing of the Israelites from "a flagon of wine" to "a cake of raisins". Mr. Paul received a letter from H. A. Kent, Professor of Old Testament Language and Literature at Presbyterian College, Halifax, objecting to the whole spirit of his editorial and stating that the "raisin-cake" alteration was first made in the English "Revised Version" of 1885, and is a literal translation. Perhaps it is, but the Biblical writers talked symbolically and figuratively very often,[2] and the wine offers a better balanced ration with the bread than a package of dusty, dried raisins. This, however, is a mere suggestion. I bow to the learned explanation and thank the writer for it; but must add in honesty that he omitted all reference to the many other instances Mr. Paul gave; and after investigation I do not see how we can escape the conclusion that there has been a deliberate attempt

[2] If Shakespeare had called for "a little corn" and had been given a cob he would have been surprised, because he would have meant something pretty strong to drink; and "corn" has retained this figurative meaning down to the present day. Similarly Omar Khayyam and hundreds of other writers put "the grape" for "wine"; and raisins are dried grapes. Biblical language is literary not scientific language and literal interpretations are often amusingly wrong. Jesus habitually taught in parables.

to expurgate the Bible so as to make it tally with some current notions of morality.

No one case amounts to much: together they are overwhelmingly convincing of not only the drastic revisions the work has undergone, but also of the intent of those revisions. In Genesis, IX, 21, we used to read how Noah celebrated his first harvest after the flood. He "drank of the wine and was drunken", which information has been deleted from "The Shorter Bible". In Genesis, XIX, 30 *et seq.*, Lot's daughters get the old man pickled two nights in succession to aid their regrettably incestuous designs upon him. All these distressing details are tactfully omitted from the new version, in which the children Moab and Ben-Ami appear, but whose parentage is unexplained. In John, XII, 1-11, we used to read that dramatic episode of the woman taken in adultery, culminating in the memorable words: "Neither do I condemn thee"; and preachers used to think the incident contained an important teaching favoring tolerance and condemning hypocrisy. This story in its entirety has disappeared from the Gallilean records as found in "The Shorter Bible". I contrast this with that old stumbling-block for amateur theologians, the commendation of the unjust steward, which is retained in all its glory. There has been no move toward suppressing Biblical examples of crookedness and double-dealing.

For some unexplained reason the deplorable relations of David with Uriah's wife are narrated accurately—possibly because Jehovah is represented in this case as offended at the lapse. But the whole of II Kings, XIII, telling of Ammon's unsavory dealings with Tamar, is left out, as are other and similar passages almost without number.

But now we come to a slightly different class of amendments. "As Jesus sat at meat in the house, behold, many publicans and sinners came and sat down with him and his disciples" (Authorized Version, Matthew, IX, 10) has had the sting taken out of it by calling these persons "tax-gatherers and outcasts", which has the effect of turning Jesus, the rebel against the letter of the harsh Jewish law, into a settlement-worker, or dilettant slummer—at least into something more respectable than a comrade and friend of "sinners".

Some of these changes are very subtle; but I think the substitution of "a woman of bad character" for "harlot" sums up the whole production. It is "nicer" in a parlorish sort of way; but I cannot understand Dr. Charles Foster Kent, as a Yale professor, imagining for one fleeting second that he is improving English prose by discarding a precise term like "harlot" for a weak, indefinite phrase like "a woman of bad character", which might mean a thief, or a liar, or even, in the eyes of the Lord's Day Annoyance, a lady who plays golf on Sunday.

Sometimes the verbal surgery has been more deft, as in the case of Solomon's polygamy. As I wish to be fair I quote both versions. The "Authorized", I Kings, XI, 1-3, reads:

1. But King Solomon loved many strange women, together with the daughter of Pharaoh, women of the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians and Hittites;
2. Of the nations concerning which the Lord said unto the children of Israel, ye shall not go in unto them, neither shall they come in unto you for surely they will turn away your heart after other gods: Solomon clave to these in love.
3. And he had seven hundred wives, and three hundred concubines: and his wives turned away his heart.

"The Shorter Bible" puts it:

Now Solomon loved women; and he married many foreign wives—Moabites, Canaanites, Edomites, Sidonians, Hittites and Ammonites. He had seven hundred wives, of princely birth, and three hundred concubines; and when Solomon was old, his wives influenced him to worship other gods, and he was not loyal to Jehovah his God (p. 232).

Now I do not pretend to be able to pass on the scholarship of the amendment, but this appears to me as one of the efforts to tone down the original and make it a little more respectable. For the "Authorized Version" says that the old rake "loved many strange women

together with" his multiple wives; and in Biblical parlance "strange women" means one that we might call over-familiar.

I am supported in my interpretation by a marginal note in my King James Bible that "together with" means "beside". Professor Charles Foster Kent and his associates have modified the wording so as to confine the amorous activities of this venerable lecher within the ample limits of his own harem. Than this example of sweetening up the Bible I can imagine nothing sillier; for if a man has legalized sexual relations with one thousand women it is nothing short of prurient to draw a distinction between his acts inside and outside of wedlock: he is as promiscuous as a tom-cat in any case. This passage recalls the relevant, illuminating and amusing fact that to get the film, "The Queen of Sheba", approved by the Board of Censors, the producers were compelled to reduce the number of Solomon's wives to a solitary one.

We may admire the old monarch's vitality, but we cannot admire the trickery by which, under the guise of scholarship, these editors have consistently "revised" with an eye to taking the so-called indecent, and so-called dissolute, and so-called improper out of a classic like the Bible to make it conform more nearly to the ideas of propriety in the minds of censorship advocates, prohibitionists, anti-dancing fanatics, sad-Sundayites,

and all kill-joys of that class who flourish among us, and seek to bludgeon society into acceptance of their standards of right and wrong.

Canadian Literature—Prelude

PRELUDE

LITERATURE is self-expression or nothing. Sincerity is the author's salvation. Did you think cunning was the secret of success? Or some manual deftness in handling verbs and pronouns? Not so. Cleverness can at best but add to the "many inventions" with which the world is over-encumbered. Rather the author must avoid the temptation to use the artfulness which conceals, that he may stand forth revealed, naked if his genius is great enough to accomplish it.

People often talk as though words and phrases were the primary essentials of Literature. Gross nonsense! A phrase is not a thing to be worshipped. "Words, words, words", mutters Hamlet sarcastically. And what do the words mean? Dictionaries will not help us; definitions never explain anything. Words are senseless except as tally marks for the recording of experience. Experience alone can teach the meaning of words.

To read is no less an art expression than to write. The essentials of both are identical. No man ever had to journey to a far place (spatially) to find his soul. And who, do you think, can interpret you to yourself?—for that is what Literature is for. The man who can

help you best toward self-revelation is he whose experience has been most like your own. His words you will understand. The field of Literature offers no more thrilling adventures than you will meet in your own dooryard.

Brief Survey of Canadian Literature in the English Language

I.—Beginnings.

I. BEGINNINGS

THEY who still stubbornly assert that Canada has no national literature usually do so either out of sheer ignorance or from a misconception of what constitutes a national literature, complaining, for instance, that lack of uniformity of view-point proves the absence of a national spirit, and precludes the expression of that spirit in a national literature. This is all nonsense. No country still in its pioneering stage, having so small a population made up of such different types and racial origins, and spread over so vast a territory of the most diversified topography, has ever produced so large and significant a body of authentic literature. For a fair basis of comparison one might investigate the meagreness and poor quality of American literature previous to the Revolution, since population and length of history from the first English settlement corresponds roughly with Canada's position to-day. Unless Canada had been, like the United States, a right heir to European culture the present literary development would have been impossible; but Canadians did not begin by scratching hieroglyphics upon moose horns, like a primitive people, but were from the start in command of English forms and traditions.

The true test of the nationality of a literature is whether it could have originated elsewhere; and, with few exceptions, we find that never in substance, and sometimes not even in form, could the books designated as Canadian literature have emanated from any other country. How under heaven could William Henry Drummond's half-humorous, half-pathetic poems of the *habitant genre*, in the broken English of the French-Canadian farmer and lumberjack, have been conceived except where the two races mingle as they do in Canada? From what other vantage point might Haliburton have so keenly satirized Englishman and Yankee as from their meeting place in Nova Scotia? To take an example from the books of to-day, the epic of the Icelandic migrations to the shore of Lake Winnipeg, and the happy fusion of the Icelanders into the national life, as told by Laura Goodman Salverson in "The Viking Heart", is as distinctive a Canadian product as a beaver pelt or a basket of saskatoon berries.

There was a literature about Canada from the days of the earliest explorers. Samuel de Champlain, the first man who had Canada's interests at heart, left an intimate chronicle extending from his voyage in 1603 to his death on our soil in 1635, which was published at Quebec in four volumes in 1870. In the "Jesuit Relations", now abridged by Edna Kenton to a single volume in English translation, the Catholic missionaries tell of

the founding of commercial and political institutions as well as of their own efforts to Christianize the Indians. Many of the English and Scottish fur-traders and explorers prepared fascinating and illuminating narratives of their adventures. Of these, Samuel Hearn, in 1795, published "A Journey from Prince of Wales Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean"; in 1801, Alexander Mackenzie published "Voyages from Montreal on the River St. Lawrence, through the Continent of North America, to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans, in the Years 1789 and 1793"; which was followed in 1807 by Alexander Henry's "Travels and Adventures in Canada and the Indian Territories between the Years 1760-1776". But while there is a pretty tale of Napoleon's absorption in the last named when he was wearing out his life at Longwood, the country had only determined the subject-matter: it had not formed the authors. Valuable historically in their several degrees as all such records are, none of them can be classed as Canadian literature.

Leaving out of account also, as unimportant, a considerable quantity of mediocre writing by early native sons, like "The Rising Village" (1825) by Oliver Goldsmith 2nd, Canadian literature began with the United Empire Loyalists. Ruined by the confiscation of their property and driven from their homes in the United States because of their refusal to join their fellow colonists in the Revolution (1775), these people, many of

whom had been persons of wealth and culture, settled, unwilling exiles, to the number of more than 100,000 in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, the Eastern Townships of Quebec, and Ontario. Resenting the treatment they had received in the newly formed Republic, and none too well pleased with the hardships they were called upon to undergo as pioneers in a severer climate, the writings of these immigrants were bitter, marked with a personal rancour that spoiled the effectiveness of most of what they composed. Yet they brought with them as an endowment to the new land a reverence for learning and art, and a thoroughly New World outlook. Thus our literature derives from English literary traditions that reached us via the American colonies, causing at the start a divergence of mood between English and Canadian literature all too often overlooked, just as Imperial influences have later served to differentiate Canadian from American literature.

But look forward a generation. In 1789 one of these Loyalists, John Howe, arrived in Halifax with the press of the "News Letter", which he had published in Boston, and began to print "The Nova Scotia Magazine". In 1828 his Nova Scotia born son Joseph became editor and sole owner of "The Novascotian", as the periodical was then called, and furnished the pivotal point for the first group of illustrious Canadian writers, who called themselves "The Club". Though we are apt to think

more of Howe as statesman and journalist, as publisher and patron of letters—notably in connection with his trial for libel in 1835, which established the principle of the freedom of the press—than as author, it was in this same year 1828 that he published in Halifax "Western Rambles", the first volume of his own descriptive essays, which was the foundation of an independent prose literature in Canada.

In the following year, 1829, Howe published the first book of his more famous and slightly senior friend, Thomas Chandler Haliburton—"An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia"—to be followed in 1835 by the first chapters of "The Clockmaker", wherein the comic character, Sam Slick, began amusing readers as he has continued to do through 9 countries and 125 editions down to our day. Like Howe, Haliburton was the Nova Scotia born son of a Loyalist father. As a circuit judge he had ample opportunity for observing the homely, picturesque life of the countryside; and with a keen sense of humor he used the figure of an itinerant Yankee pedlar to satirize both English and American temperaments, customs and institutions with such skill that his readers could not help laughing at themselves.

Much has been written of Haliburton, erroneously, as the "father of American humor". True, Artemus Ward at all times acknowledged him as master, and he

opened the way for Mark Twain, besides having an army of outright imitators; but, when analysed, his methods are seen to have been not so closely followed in the United States as were those of Benjamin Franklin. The indebtedness of Dickens, however, has until recently been overlooked. Sam Weller, the clown of Dickens' first book, "Pickwick Papers", published the year after "The Clockmaker" vogue began, is no less than an English version of Sam Slick. Haliburton was a great humorist because he was at heart serious. He used caricature, but never descended to farce; kept his witticisms close to the facts. And all his fun was a means to further his ideal of a British North American culture related to, but independent of, those of the United States and England. Though opposed to Confederation, he stood for the things which mean in the end a united Canada, and may be said to have been—Tory and reactionary as he was in professed political creed—the father of the British Commonwealth of Nations idea.

In that same year 1828 was also published the first book by Major John Richardson, the first Canadian novelist. This was "Tecumseh", a narrative poem long since defunct. A more picturesque figure than the old judge, and of the same age, Richardson was born at Queenston, Ontario, of Jacobite stock; fought through the War of 1812; and went to England with the Imperial

troops. There, in 1829, he also published "Ecarté, or the Salons of Paris", whose immediate success he followed up in 1832 with "Wacousta", a romance in imitation of Fenimore Cooper, which, on its appearance in London, supplanted the works of Washington Irving and Cooper with the English public, and three different Canadian editions in the last three years testify to the story's continued vitality. In truth, he was a much abler writer than Cooper, though his popularity has suffered of late because the adult reader can no longer quite force his credence to accept the artificiality of plot, and Richardson's books are not so well fitted as Cooper's to entertain children. His "War of 1812" retains its place as the standard history of that conflict. He was a lion in the salons of London for fifteen years; but, though he used language with dignity and precision, he is not as important as Haliburton, despite the colorful record of the fiery soldier's quarrels and duels, and the tragedy of his death from starvation in New York in 1852.

Three women, all English born and wives of settlers, represent the pioneer days in Ontario. Susanna Moodie and Catherine Parr Trail, sisters of the English historian Agnes Strickland, wrote "Roughing it in the Bush" and "Canadian Crusoes" respectively, both appearing in 1852, the former a record of personal experiences, a combination of diary and comment on frontier conditions

for the enlightenment of people "at Home", the latter a story, part fact and part fiction, of the adventures of some white children in the then wilderness. But neither author quite possessed the gift for vivid description apparent in "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada" (1838) by Anna Jameson; and it was not till 1922 that Laura Lee Davidson, in "A Winter of Content", surpassed her as a delineator of Canadian landscape and interpreter of the spirit of the humbler people living in the backwoods districts.

The first poet to make extensive use of the Canadian scene was Charles Sangster of Kingston, Ontario, whose "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay" (1856) and "Hesperus" (1860), contain some passable lyrics though most of his product will not bear close scrutiny and none of it evinces much genuine inspiration, while rough work is far too frequent. With him we may couple, for chronological reasons only, Charles Heavysege, an English carpenter, who came to Canada at the age of 37, and published at Montreal in 1857 an ambitious narrative poem called "Saul", which shows considerable power but a woeful lack of education and the faculty for self-criticism. Now forgotten, the poem made quite a stir. Longfellow was captivated, and called Heavysege "the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare": Coventry Patmore, Emerson and Bayard Taylor also approved it, while the conservative periodical that Poe had re-

ferred to as "the thing called the North American Review" said it was "indubitably one of the most remarkable English poems ever written outside Great Britain". In spite of the real feeling Heavysege had not only for his subject, but also for words and rhythms, and his rich and sometimes strikingly successful imagery, "Saul" is badly proportioned, and is usually voted a tedious freak of near-genius. "Jephtha's Daughter" (1865) is more quotable, and selections from it generally represent Heavysege in the anthologies, together with the short poem that Wilson MacDonald has declared was "the breaking of the golden flagon of song in Canada":

SELF-EXAMINATION

Open, my heart, thy ruddy valves;
  It is thy master calls;
Let me go down, and, curious, trace
  Thy labyrinthine halls.

Open, O heart, and let me view
  The secrets of thy den;
Myself unto myself now show
  With introspective ken.

Expose thyself, thou covered nest
  Of passions, and be seen;
Stir up thy brood, that in unrest
  Are ever piping keen.
Ah! what a motley multitude—
  Magnanimous and mean!

Montreal was also the home of "The Literary Garland", a magazine wherein Rosanna Leprohon published her first novel, "Ida Beresford", in 1848 at the age of sixteen. Her books have been popular both in French and English: "The Manor House of Villerai" (1859) and "Antoinette de Mirecourt" (1864) are accounted the best of them.

James de Mille of St. John, New Brunswick, another Loyalist descendant, carried the tradition of satiric humor through the middle years of the century, his first book, "The Dodge Club", appearing in "Harper's Monthly" for 1868; but he shortly turned to light, easily begot novels of which he turned out a score, of which hardly a memory remains beyond the fact that "A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder" was the precursor of tales like "King Solomon's Mines". De Mille had a pretty wit and no mean capacity for invention; but he wrote too much, and did not take care to make most of what he wrote good enough to endure.

By contrast, in that first year following Confederation, 1868, there was printed at Montreal a small book, called "Dreamland and Other Poems", "of which", according to the pathetic statement of the author, "only a limited number of copies saw the light", owing to a fire in the bindery of Ottawa. Charles Mair had inaugurated not merely a career but a movement that was to be the chief glory of Canadian literature during

its first century. Born in 1838 at Lanark, Ontario, he is now living at Victoria, British Columbia. He was only to publish one other book—"Tecumseh", a poetic drama of the War of 1812, brought out at Toronto in 1886—but he has the honor of being the first Canadian poet of distinction, and the forerunner of the "Group of '61". In his work there is evident, besides a fine integrity, every one of the distinguishing characteristics of the strong school that was to follow him—the consciousness of a land begging for expression, worship of Nature, consistent craftsmanship, the lyric note and at least a hint of the frank pantheism that was to dominate the minds of Canadian poets for more than half a century to come. Mair rather than Sangster is the father of Canadian poetry, and blazed the line of its advance.

Brief Survey of Canadian Literature in the English Language

II.—The Group of '61

II. THE GROUP OF '61

IN the twelve years between Mair's debut and Roberts' there was only one significant book. William Kirby's "Golden Dog" (1877) was perhaps more remarkable than it would have been had the period not been so arid. It is notable as the prelude to Gilbert Parker's romances, and the legitimate ancestor of all the historical novels clustering around the conquest of Quebec with which we have been blessed and otherwise even unto this day. It is an inescapable landmark, but the professor was not far wrong when he remarked one day (when off duty) that "only the first 200 pages of it are any good". Kirby is painstaking, but neither deft nor expeditious in delivering a story.

In 1880 Charles G. D. Roberts, then barely twenty years of age, published "Orion and Other Poems" and immediately found himself the leader of a school of Canadian poetry, which included more first rate talent than had ever been evident at one time before. This "Group of '61", as it was christened by John Daniel Logan in an article in the "Canadian Magazine" from the fact that all its members were born between 1860 and 1862, is the most considerable factor in the whole range of Canadian literature, exerting unparalleled in-

fluence, and established poetry as the chief literary pride of the nation.

Roberts continued to be the dominant figure in Canadian letters for 45 years, as has been fittingly recognized by the presentation to him in 1926 of the first Lorne Pierce Gold Medal for distinguished service to Canadian literature. With a strong, clear mentality to match his rugged physique, and armed with a sound classical education, he set a virile and austere standard in both verse and prose. In the short story, principally the "animal" story of which he is the inventor, his plain, forceful diction is an unfailing delight. Into these went an emotional intensity lacking in his numerous novels, of which "The Heart of the Ancient Wood" is typical, and is a sweet, innocuous tale, while the brief portrayal of wild life we find in "Do Seek Their Meat from God" is classic. His poetry is vigorous and polished, some of his lyrics and sonnets being as fine in thought and structure as any written in English in the '90's. A conscious artist of undoubted genius, he is fondly remembered in the Dominion as the first to express in song the hope of the Canadian Confederacy consummated in 1867. Roberts has written far better poetry, but nothing is so cherished by his own generation as "Canada", beginning:

O Child of Nations, giant-limbed,
Who stand'st among the nations now

Unheeded, unadorned, unhymned,
With unanointed brow—

Of those associated with Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman and Duncan Campbell Scott are the most important, though Pauline Johnson, Frederick George Scott and William Wilfred Campbell were of the "Group", as was George Frederick Cameron, who is not usually spoken of as a member since he was slightly older, having been born in 1854, as was William Henry Drummond. Isabella Valancy Crawford was also writing at the same time, but, working apart, earned, like Drummond, a separate fame, and shares nothing with the "Group" but the date of her activity.

The sanest opinion is that among the four friends, who were rivals for supremacy, Carman has the sweetest voice, the greatest natural gift for melody; Lampman was the most spiritual, the most finely (or divinely) inspired; and Scott is the best craftsman; with Roberts always as the most versatile, the most competent all-round man of letters, and the guiding hand in the movement. So striking was his generalship, with its far reaching results, that he would have been remembered if he had written nothing; and the historian in chronicling his wise sponsorship of Lampman and loving helpfulness to his cousin, Bliss Carman, and similar deeds, is apt unwittingly to slight his own works. Yet in 1893, when Carman and Duncan Campbell Scott were publish-

ing their first books—"Low Tide on Grand Pré" and "The Magic House"—Roberts was bringing out his fourth, the epochal "Songs of the Common Day"; and by the time his associates were established as poets, he had already made an additional reputation in prose fiction, in which he was shortly to distinguish himself not only as the first but also as the ablest of all writers of short stories about animals. Into all this we cannot go here, but with due respect to earlier writers it is submitted that Roberts' name should replace Haliburton's as the most important on the roll of Canadian authors. The Maritimes lose nothing by the amendment since, despite his long sojourns in New York and London, his name is linked indissolubly with the forests of New Brunswick.

There is a fineness about Archibald Lampman that, coupled with an instinctive artistry, spells immortality; and his early death at Ottawa in 1899 at the age of 38, after some years in the Postal Department, is the severest loss that Canadian literature has ever sustained; but the continued sale of his "Complete Poems" attests the love and respect in which he is held by all who know his work; and it is gratifying that, without any vogue or cult or publicity, the circle of his admirers is widening steadily. Too much stress has always been laid upon him as a Nature poet: the phrase is so unnecessarily limiting. A quiet, serene poet, he did describe and

interpret Nature more beautifully and adequately than any other has yet done, but to him man was as much a part of Nature as the autumn maples and he was seer enough to perceive the same life quickening all things:

Not to be conquered by these headlong days,
But to stand free; to keep the mind at brood
On life's deep meaning, nature's altitude
Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways;

A liking for Lampman is sure proof of taste in poetry. The songs he sang are pervaded with a spiritual universality that makes them acceptable to any generation of readers. He is also to be remembered as the earliest of the great poetic voices from Ontario, having been born on a farm near Morpeth. His first volume, "Among the Millet" is dated 1888.

Carman sings: he is the supreme lyrist of the "Group"; and how winning is a tune! A wag once said with more truth than kindness that he "sings on and on", and the charge of monotony of theme, treatment and melody he will never wholly escape. The mass of his work is enormous. Owing to the fact that he makes no great intellectual or emotional demands on his readers his work is extremely popular, and this, coupled with a series of accidents that brought him before the Canadian public in 1921, several years in advance of the similar appearance of his brother poets, has made him by all odds the best known of them.

The charm of Carman at his best is beyond question, and some of his work has already passed definitely and permanently into the stream of the national culture. Yet, when all has been said of the great deal that can be said in his praise, we are forced at last to concede to Lampman, Scott and Roberts a greatness to which Carman seldom attains.

The constant talk about Duncan Campbell Scott, a native of Ottawa, as "master technician" may have led the casual reader to think of him as a sort of master plumber of Canadian poetry; and his infrequent volumes, issued almost furtively, have given the people no reasonable chance to know his work. In reality, his verse indicates him the rare spirit we should expect Lampman's chum to be; and it is only necessary for him to issue his poems in a complete edition, to be placed in the public mind, as he already is in those of the critics, as one of our greatest. While critic and fellow-craftsman may marvel at the dexterity with which he gets his effects, the result is perfectly comprehensible to the non-professional: his one and only public reading culminated in a scene of great enthusiasm. His work, comparatively meagre in quantity, is choice, and anything but obscure; and he is fit company for any poets now writing in English.

Pauline Johnson of Brantford, of mixed white and Indian blood was, in skill, sentiment and outlook, one

of the powerful "Group". Colorful, melodious songs came from her with a mastery equal at times to the best of them, and seldom much below it. In her work we find in addition a poignancy bred partly of the Red Man's decline, and partly of a none too satisfactory personal life. She was the last of the "Group" to make her appearance, her first book, "White Wampum", being published in 1895. Dying at Vancouver in 1912, she left the country she loved a treasured legacy in lyrics like "The Song My Paddle Sings", "Shadow River", "The Trail to Lilloet" and "The Corn Husker", whose titles call up at once lines that make her forever one of our own, reverenced, loved and admired. Canada means a little more because she lived and wrote.

Lesser members of the "Group" are William Wilfred Campbell and Frederick George Scott. In both the tendency to the didactic somewhat deflected their artistic powers. The former was born in Ontario, and his first book, "Lake Lyrics" (1889), reveals him at his least self-conscious and his art at its best. It also indicates the nature of his special contribution; for both in verse and prose his descriptions of the Great Lakes are unique in clarity and loveliness. Canon Scott was born in Quebec, and published his first book, "The Soul's Quest", in 1888. The bulk of his poetry is of a religious nature; and some of his shorter lyrics are quite charming.

A singularly detached figure, Isabella Valancy Crawford was a poet of great ability. In 1858, she was brought to Canada as a girl of eight by her father, an Irish physician; and spent her girlhood among the Kawartha Lakes and at Peterboro, her later years in Toronto where she died prematurely in 1887. Her one book, "Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie and Other Poems", appeared in 1884; but she was a contributor to many periodicals, and a larger collection was issued in 1905 through the good offices of John W. Garvin. Whether one considers the finish of her lighter pieces, the graphic aptness of her descriptions, or the dramatic qualities of her long narrative poems, he can only wonder how, without travel in the West, she presented realistically convincing pictures of it in her narratives; and how, without extensive education or teachers, and without even reasonable encouragement, Miss Crawford developed her talents as she did. As well as delicacy, there is evident everywhere in her lines a firmness that wears well. Her dialect poems will get out of date, as all such do, but a large proportion of the rest will survive.

Ireland is also our creditor to the extent of producing William Henry Drummond and nourishing him during his first ten years until the family migrated in 1864. Incidentally, Drummond became a doctor; but he is famous for his poetic interpretations of the French-Canadians in the broken English sometimes used by

them in conversation with those who know no French. "The Habitant" came out in 1897, and similar volumes followed until his widely mourned death in 1907. The Irish traits of humor and sentiment dominate his verses, and lend his sketches humanity and homeliness. He created a new form, never successfully imitated, and in it preserved tender and amusing records of a picturesque people he loved well. Our good friends in Quebec are not pleased with his delineations, claiming they bear no more connection to reality than the stage Irishman. They are surely oversensitive: if caricature there be, it is slight; and the impartial must feel it was prompted by no desire to ridicule the race: a deep sympathy, not blind to human limitations, pervades all his work.

This by no means exhausts the tally of Canadian poetry up to this time. Dozen of others printed verses, some of whom, like John Reade ("The Prophecy of Merlin", 1870), would merit notice in a comprehensive study. Even Arthur Hamilton Wentworth Eaton ("Acadian Legends and Lyrics", 1889) must be omitted together with Theodore Harding Rand ("At Minas Basin", 1897), whose one inspired poem "The Dragon-fly" will certainly live.

Meanwhile yet another contemporary of the "Group of '61" was building up an independent reputation. Sir Gilbert Parker was born in Ontario in 1862, but settled permanently in England in 1890, after which he

issued a large number of popular books that have carried his name far. His poems, about which little is known in Canada, have proved particularly suitable for musical accompaniments, and many of them have been utilized by such notable composers as Sir Edward Elgar, Gena Branscombe, Max Muller, Sir Edward Alexander and Arthur Foote. His first book of verse, "A Lover's Diary", was issued in 1894. But that golden dog that still crouches over a doorway in Quebec City had exposed himself in all weathers to some purpose: after stimulating the imagination of Kirby the beast was now to inspire our greatest writer of historical romances. Parker started publishing the "Pierre" short stories in London periodicals; and by 1895 his best novel, "When Valmond Came to Pontiac", was on the market, to be followed in 1896 with his best known one, "Seats of the Mighty". He still continues to write fiction of this sort, though his later books do not equal his earlier ones in freshness, originality or sureness of grasp.

Parker must be considered the peak of the historical-romance movement, and while fiction declined in his hands, it was to go far lower. The pious tales of Ralph Connor are weak; but he has one great merit: in novels like "The Man From Glengarry" (1901), he made some attempt to write of contemporary life from direct observation, thus heralding the realistic movement of to-day. Had his artistic conscience equalled his evan-

gelical zeal he might have been remembered as one of our great novelists; but the vogue his books enjoyed was due largely to the dangerous half-truths with which he presented a partially true and radically false view of Canadian life in his time. Many immigrants were moved to come to Canada by his stories and suffered disillusionment on arrival.

Lucy M. Montgomery of Prince Edward Island shared the quick popularity of Connor in a series of girls' sugary stories begun with "Anne of Green Gables" (1908). Canadian fiction was to go no lower; and she is only mentioned to show the dearth of mature novels at the time. We have to-day twenty other producers of highly saleable fiction, little of which would get even passing notice in a history of the country's literature.

Brief Survey of Canadian Literature in the English Language

III.—The Modern Era

III. THE MODERN ERA

JUST before the advent of Miss Montgomery, the modern era had been inaugurated by Robert W. Service with "Songs of a Sourdough" (1907), the first genuinely popular collection of poems originating in Canada; and public approval was so widespread and enthusiastic that it carried the author on through a succession of volumes of diminishing poetic value. Likewise his "Trail of '98" (1910) was the first and remains the best of his novels. Like Kipling, whose form he imitated, Service's gusto and penchant for themes of rough and even violent life led the academic to eye him askance as a vulgar fellow who was disturbing the Temple of Beauty with his happy shouts. Professor MacMechan has written in derision: "A man in convulsions is not strong (though six men cannot hold him)." But that is just the trouble: Service is not so easily got rid of: when six men cannot hold one, it is evident that that one is giving the most empirical proof of his strength; and sixty armed men could not have stopped Service swinging his readers into tune with his own moods. The fact that twenty years have not effaced his name is a fair indication that his contribution will be lasting.

Tom MacInnes, a finer and more versatile poet, born at Dresden, Ontario, but more particularly identified with Vancouver, published in 1908 at Montreal "A Romance of the Lost" with the same Yukon life treated differently; but it was not till 1913 that "Rhymes of a Rounder" showed him the virile master of his own variation of the old French ballade and other original patterns, in which his zest for life is matched by deft and arresting phrasing to the point where his verses are unique as artistic expressions of a devil-may-care attitude, enhanced by an appealing poignancy. Only slightly younger than the "Group of '61" he is to be distinguished from them in the general absence of adoration of landscape and the dominance of a very personal, individualistic philosophy. The tone of camaraderie in which he discusses the more intimate aspects of the relations between the individual soul and circumstance makes readers either not like him at all or embrace him whole heartedly.

The year 1913 is remarkable also for the modest debut of "Drift of Pinions", Marjorie Pickthall's first book, in which was apparent an exquisite lyrist at work weaving dainty, lace-like designs with great perfection of detail. The beauty of her verses is beyond argument. The strength and scope of her efforts do not justify our naming her among the very greatest, though it is hard to understand the inhibitions that caused her to limit

herself mentally and emotionally to minor keys as she did in her verse; because her prose fiction proves that she understood the profounder human passions. She died in Victoria in 1922 at the age of 40, and Lorne Pierce's "Book of Remembrance" (1925) is the choicest example to come out of Canada of the interpretative literary biography.

The Great War, like other wars, was not immediately fruitful artistically. Quantities of feverish, emotional writing were done which had an intense meaning for those who passed through the conflict, but can hardly be permanently appealing. Bernard Freeman Trotter's "A Canadian Twilight" (1917) is representative of the better grade, while John McCrae's single poem, "In Flanders Fields", is the most inspiring lyric of the war. Both soldiers were killed in action. Colonel McCrae never wrote anything else to compare with this, and only two or three selections from Mr. Trotter's book are of a quality to have attracted attention in more normal circumstances.

Wilson MacDonald, the outstanding figure among the younger poets, and the only one who challenges the supremacy of the great "Group", published his first book, "Song of the Prairie Land", in 1918. "The Miracle Songs of Jesus" (1921) is not so well known by reason of the accident of its being bestowed among the theological works in book-stores, and since those likely

to admire his poems are not apt to be heavy buyers of hymn-books. "Out of the Wilderness", his latest contribution, embodying his wonderful work of the past four years, published this year (1926), places MacDonald among the greatest living poets using the English language. In power, flexibility and care for minute details of technique, he is a thorough artist: his range of thought and emotion is wide, and at times he is invested with an originality of conception savoring of seership. For versatility we have had nothing to equal him, varying as he does from the sweetest of light lyrics to the profoundest meditations, and swinging easily from bitingly humorous satire to the poignant laments of a wistful child. Born in Ontario, and now living in Toronto, he has yet lived in other parts of the Dominion and is familiar with all sections of it, and his work is emphatically nationalist in tone. Among other distinctions, he is the only poet who has been able to make a profession of his art while residing in Canada, and maintain himself thereby. With "Out of the Wilderness", and "Comber Cove" that is to follow, he is due to extend his popularity and increase greatly his already considerable reputation.

Another worthy poet is E. J. Pratt, whose "Newfoundland Verse" (1923) and later volumes reveal a marked capacity for dramatic narrative, running in mood from rollicking fantasies to the grim tragedies of

Atlantic fishermen. All his work has fibre and pith, and his frequent humor is robust.

Of the rest of the contemporary choir—impossible to enumerate in this space—Robert Norwood ("His Lady of the Sonnets, 1915) is the chief. He has imaginative power and verbal facility. His several volumes indicate that he might have been a very fine poet and dramatist if he had devoted the requisite time and had not imposed on himself the scriptorial restraints expected of an ordained minister. In "Flame and Adventure" (1924) Annie Charlotte Dalton of Vancouver became a lyrical philosopher in her impassioned exposition of evolutionary doctrines. John Crichton of Ottawa in "A Vista" (1921) and two later books creates a riot of visible color, and uses flowers both as decoration and symbols until his pages smell like a greenhouse. Louise Morey Bowman and Katherine Hale may be coupled because of their musicianly qualities and as peculiarly embodying and reflecting the temper of the times; and then as hastily uncoupled to denote their divergent temperaments and methods. "Moonlight and Common Day" (1922), Mrs. Bowman's earlier and better book, is delicately pensive and fundamentally subjective. "Morning in the West", Mrs. Garvin's happiest publication, is fiercely objective, furnishing a set of sharply defined, impressionistic pictures, vivid, dramatic, and well integrated. Lloyd Roberts ("England Overseas", 1914)

is a slow maturing genius, who has given recent signs of his orientation being at last complete. His past work entitles him to mention, but it is his future work that, when published, one would prefer to write about.

The swing from verse to prose is the salient fact about the latest phase, and therein may be glimpsed signs of a maturity that is recently manifest. The Golden Dog tradition, which still inspires several stories each year, is abating in favor of a new ideal as many young novelists endeavor to express a sterner, more austere and better balanced view of life. The strong, even harsh, "Settlers of the Marsh" by Frederick Philip Grove (1925) is a striking example of the abandonment of sentimentality by these new-comers. Mazo de la Roche's "Explorers of the Dawn" (1921) is a happily executed book in lighter vein. Pierre Coalfleet's "Solo" (1924) and "Hare and Tortoise" (1925) are distinguished novels clearly reflecting the new national note in their serene disregard of the need of introducing drunken half-breeds or other so-called "Canadian" types to make them acceptable to foreign readers. Beaumont Cornell's "Lantern Marsh" (1923) is a quietly convincing study of an undergraduate at the University of Toronto; while Gilbert Knox in "The Land of Afternoon" (1925) has successfully dared to draw official Ottawa from the life as background for a tale of politicians and civil servants —a more courageous feat than Merrill Denison's when,

in his volume of plays, "The Unheroic North" (1923), he satirized delightfully the false veneration of backwoods types current in the novels of the previous quarter-century. Plenty of courage and a little more practice is all that is needed to bring these writers, and their fellows unnamed here, up to formidable stature; and the wishy-washy fiction of the past, if it continues to be written (as is likely), will never again be treated seriously as literature.

Humor, ever dear to Canadian hearts, has been continued by Stephen Leacock, a McGill professor, Peter Donovan of "Saturday Night", and the late Peter McArthur, the farmer-philosopher, who lived near London, Ontario. Mr. McArthur is insufficiently known as a poet, his "The Prodigal" (1907) being slight in bulk only. Leacock and Donovan have done clever work; but the laughter they evoked has sometimes been easily got by the American device of mere exaggeration. McArthur was moved by the deep and serious purpose of leaving a faithful record of a rural district; and he never allowed his pictures to be distorted for the sake of a passing jest. The genial humor inherent in much of his work, often breaking bubblingly to the surface in witty phrase, is therefore the more precious.

Of the small band of Canadian essayists, Archibald MacMechan must be accounted chief for his urbanity and grace: "The Porter of Bagdad" (1901) and "Life in

a Little College" (1914) contain fine pieces of writing. Professor MacMechan is better known, however, by his short stories of the sea founded on fact, collected into "Sagas of the Sea" (1923). Emily F. Murphy's bonhomie sparkles through "Janey Canuck in the West" (1910), "Open Trails" (1912) and "Seeds of Pine" (1914) —all descriptive of Western Canadian life—with "Open Trails" preferred for the spontaneity of its humor. W. H. Blake ("Brown Waters", 1921; and "In a Fishing Country", 1922) was an amiable follower of Walton. Sir Andrew Macphail has a clever pen; and in "Essays in Puritanism" (1905), "Essays in Politics" (1909) and "Essays in Fallacy" (1910), did some biographical and critical work of an essentially satiric nature. And Peter McArthur, notably in "The Affable Stranger" (1921), frequently proved his power in trenchant, incisive commentaries on public institutions.

Canada has had a colorful history; and every phase of it has been portrayed by some one, each of the more important by several authors. Thoroughness is the characteristic of this vast body of writing, some of which is genuine literature and some mere uninspired compilations of facts. Impossible as it is to draw fine distinctions here, some notion of the quality of the books in this department may be given by naming as diversified examples: "The Search for the Western Sea" (1908) by Lawrence Johnstone Burpee; "Forty Years in Canada"

(1918) by Samuel Benfield Steele; "Confederation and its Leaders" (1917) by M. O. Hammond; "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party, a Political History" (enlarged edition, 1926) by Sir John Stephen Willison; "Sir John Macdonald" (1924) by W. Stewart Wallace; "The Book of Roberts" (1923) by Lloyd Roberts; and "Candid Chronicles" (1925) by Hector Charlesworth.

To Roberts' solid foundation for the study of woodlore and wild life, Ernest Thompson Seton soon added "Wild Animals I Have Known" (1898), "Autobiography of a Grizzly" (1900) and "Lives of the Hunted" (1901). W. A. Fraser's "Mooswa" (1900) is also vivid; and no finer studies of animal psychology exist than are found in Archie McKishnie's "Mates of the Tangle" (1924). Arthur Heming, as painter and author, in "Spirit Lake" (1907) and its successors, is leaving engrossing and invaluable records of Indian customs, woodlore and the fur trade. This branch represents Canada's signal contribution to world literature.

The short story put to other uses is best exemplified by Marjorie Pickthall's "Angels' Shoes" (1923) wherein she showed a mastery of plot quite unpredictable from her poems: the language is not only fine but effective. E. W. Thomson's "Old Man Savarin" (1895) had early indicated the suitability of this form to the Canadian temperament, and Frederick William Wallace's rousing sea stories, "Salt Seas and Sailormen" (1922); Archi-

bald MacMechan's restrained, clear-cut narratives of naval adventure off Nova Scotia, "Sagas of the Sea" (1923); and Duncan Campbell Scott's dramatic episodes of frontier life in central Canada fifty years ago, contained in "The Witching of Elspie" (1923), are all collections of high merit.

Poetry is so far from being the be-all and end-all it was forty years ago that in quantity at least it is at present outweighed by the prose. The younger writers —and it would take some space to enumerate the ones necessarily omitted from this sketch for brevity's sake, some of them arbitrarily—seem to be more in earnest than the older ones were, to have a keener sense of responsibility for their utterances, and a greater care for their own integrity as literary artists. This is due, in part, to the new feeling of national consciousness arising out of the recent attainment of national status politically. The years 1923 and 1925 were peculiarly rich in new talent. There are writers of promise on all sides and the outlook is exceedingly bright for great development in the next few years. One hopeful sign is that a much smaller proportion of Canadian writers of ability is being absorbed into American literature than was the case 25, or even 10, years ago, for which we may thank the unprecedented interest taken by the Canadian public in native authors, first noticeable in 1923, and rising to something like enthusiasm in 1925.

The late, and as yet only partial, recognition by the Canadian people of the vital importance of a national literature is already yielding gratifying results. The policy should be extended in several directions. Following the lead of Quebec, each provincial government should offer substantial cash prizes to be awarded annually to deserving authors as compensation for their writing for a restricted market, and to supplement the donation of the Lorne Pierce gold medal to be awarded annually by the Royal Society of Canada for distinguished service to Canadian letters, which is the only honor to which Canadian authors not resident in Quebec may at present aspire.

The politician and the business man, though they may not be fond of reading, should realize that it is a choice between a national literature and annexation. If all the books and periodicals the people read emanate from New York and Philadelphia, the government might as well be moved to Washington at once, for it will go there in the end if this country is Americanized through the dominance of a foreign press precluding adequate and natural expression of native thought and feeling.

The achievement of the past 98 years has been remarkable: the encouragement the Canadian writer is now getting at home, coupled with the exceptional gifts of the younger generation, point to the present time as the beginning of a period of unparalleled activity, in-

creased significance and higher standards. It is the time for masterpieces; they are expected; and in no department will the second-rate any longer be tolerated.

A Guide to the Anthologies

A GUIDE TO THE ANTHOLOGIES

IF ONLY one book is to be chosen as an investment, or experiment, in the national literature, it should be a volume illustrating the quantity, variety and quality of Canadian poetry—an anthology. The many attempts during the last fifty years to supply such a book make an interesting and instructive study; for different ideals have inspired the various compilers, and each collection has some claim on a critic's attention. That responsible task I leave in favor of giving what help I can in the more immediately practical problem of choosing out of those anthologies now offered for sale the one that will most clearly indicate the scope and merits of Canadian poetry, and prove most useful and entertaining.

Therefore the nature of the present enquiry precludes my dwelling on "Selections from the Canadian Poets" (1864) by Edward Hartley Dewart, since this is long out of print; though it is a pity it should be because Mr. Dewart had good taste, and out of a welter of mediocre verse rescued many gems otherwise lost as their authors were speedily forgotten. Similarly, "The Canadian Birthday Book" (1887) prepared by S. Frances Harrison is very valuable historically and contains many items of high literary quality, including work by Roberts,

Lampman and Carman not before published; but praise of that book will not assist the person with two or three dollars to spend, and a commendable desire to own specimens of Canadian poetry. And it is with regret that I must also pass over J. E. Wetherell's "Later Canadian Poems" (1893), which presented 187 pages of verse by the "Group of '61", all of whose members find places in it, many of their contributions to it being among the most cherished of Canadian poems.

Also, all references are to the latest editions of the several compilations. Thus "Our Canadian Literature" (1923)[1] by Albert Durrant Watson and Lorne Pierce is the revised and enlarged form of the work by that title originally published the previous year. "Canadian Poems and Lays"[2] is the abbreviated, current version of William Douw Lighthall's "Songs and Poems of the Great Dominion" (1889), about one third of the original matter having been deleted. "Canadian Singers and Their Songs" (1925)[3] by Edward S. Caswell is the third, and greatly augmented and improved, edition of the book which first appeared in 1903. "Canadian Poets" (1926)[4] by John W. Garvin is the second and enlarged edition of the work brought out ten years ago. No re-

[1] Ryerson Press, Toronto, $2.50.
[2] Musson, Toronto, cloth $2.25; velvet calf $3; smooth Persian or antique leathercraft $3.50.
[3] McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $2.
[4] McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $3.75.

visions have been made in the texts of Theodore Harding Rand's "A Treasury of Canadian Verse" (1900)[5], "The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse" (1913)[6] or "A Book of Canadian Prose and Verse" (1923)[7] by Edmund Kemper Broadus and Eleanor Hammond Broadus.

Difficulty arises at the start from the diverse principles guiding the anthologists in making their selections. Obviously, we cannot compare Mr. Caswell's, which is primarily a picture-book, with Mr. and Mrs. Broadus's, which aims to narrate Canadian history and depict landscape. These are not the same things at all. If we are to be fair to the compilers we must weigh the accomplishment of each according to the object it was meant to attain. But I am not at all concerned here with being fair to compilers: this is not a critical estimate: we want to buy the best available book of this nature and be done. As soon as the words "of this nature" are down, it is realized that there are seven natures; and if the hypothetical purchaser in whose interests I labor desires a comprehensive knowledge of Canadian poetry, he should buy them all, because there is not one of them—not even that one I dislike intensely —but has some shining merit none of the other six possesses. Therefore the problem is not so simple a

[5] Ryerson Press, Toronto, cloth $2; padded leather $3.
[6] Gundy, Toronto, cloth $2; lambskin $3.
[7] Macmillan, Toronto, $2.50.

business as informing you which has the most poetry, and which, in my opinion, contains the best poetry, and leaving you to take your choice between quantity and quality. According to the kind of fare you desire will be your choice, very properly; so there is nothing for it but descriptions of the offerings, and comparison where that is possible.

There are, in all, 264 poets quoted in the 7 volumes; and the first significant fact is that 140 of these have been the choice of one anthologist only, leaving 124 who are represented in two or more collections; while a mere 8 are to be found in every one of them—Bliss Carman, Isabella Valancy Crawford, E. Pauline Johnson, Archibald Lampman, Charles Mair, Charles G. D. Roberts, Charles Sangster and Frederick George Scott. This unanimity, then, serves to elect the 8 to a position of some security in our literature. Not an exclusive one, however; because Mr. and Mrs. Broadus's omission of Duncan Campbell Scott must not be taken to mean that he is a lesser figure than Frederick George Scott: the contrary opinion is usually held. There is also the question of chronology: Marjorie Pickthall has been the unanimous choice of the 5 anthologists whose books appeared after her emergence in 1913. So in the index of Canadian poets at the end of the volume I have placed in capitals the names of those honored by quotation by 5 or more of the 7 anthologists; and we thus

increase the roster of considerable Canadian poets by 20 more names, though even this is not satisfactory as almost half of these might profitably be struck from the rolls in favor of poets who appear in 4 or less of the anthologies.

How did the grand total swell to 264? Because terrific quantities of verse —mostly bad as any sky-high stack of verse is sure to be—have been composed on this soil since Jean Taché published his compositions here in 1732; and because some of these collectors have been primarily archivists, coveting one of each, regardless of relative merit, and inspired by a sublime liberality in

CONTENTS OF CANADIAN ANTHOLOGIES

Date	Anthology	No. of poets	No. of pages poetry	No. of poems	Poets found here only	Av. pages per poet	Av. poems per poet	Photographs	Biographical notes	Critical notes
1889	Lighthall's Poems and Lays.....	47	274	108	8	5.8	2.3	...	...	...
1900	Rand's Treasury..	136	386	346	61	2.8	2.5	...	yes	...
1913	Campbell-Logan's Oxford Book...	99	335	251	27	3.4	2.5	...	...	...
1923	Watson-Pierce's Our Can. Lit...	73	180	161	5	2.5	2.2	...	...	...
1923	Broadus's Can. Prose & Verse..	26	99	78	3	3.8	3.0	...	...	...
1925	Caswell's Can. Singers.....	100	100	100	24	1.0	1.0	100	yes	...
1926	Garvin's Can. Poets	75	417	392	13	5.6	5.2	75	yes	yes

their inclusions. Thus among our 7 will be found work that is far from being Canadian—poems by the Duke of Argyll[8] and Walt Mason[9]. The table of contents on the preceding page furnishes a statistical analysis of contents that will obviate many paragraphs of description.

There are two main lines an anthologist may follow: he may select poems for their literary beauty, indifferent to their authorship; or he may collect poets from an historical instinct, representing each by the best available poem. The latter was evidently Rand's method, and he was an assiduous collector. Almost half the members of his choir are not heard of outside his book; but he has them, and if one wishes to look over the largest number of writers he should consult the "Treasury", which has the great advantage of succinct biographical notes. His taste is fair. In some cases his choice was limited to mediocre verse; in other cases he was happier in the material at his command and his hand found finer things than those who chose after him from the same stores; but in many instances when poems of higher quality existed he selected ones that were commonplace. At times he is an inspired guide, and at other times apparently lacking in discrimination; but for a survey

[8] Governor-General of Canada, 1878-1883.

[9] American doggerelist, who shares with Elinor Glyn, author of "Three Weeks", the distinction of having been born in Canada. Both left our territory early to find elsewhere more congenial spheres of activity.

of the English-speaking Canadian poets down to 1900 there is nothing else as thorough now on the market. To the student, the volume is a plain necessity: the casual enquirer will find the compiler has been so generous that among the 346 poems are many to suit every taste.

In contrast to the "Treasury", the "Oxford Book" is a truer anthology as the literary merit of the poems themselves quite patently determined their inclusion. The collector, William Wilfred Campbell, set out to illustrate the high quality of Canadian poetry; and the work exhibits more dignity, correctness and taste than the "Treasury". And here I am on delicate ground as John Daniel Logan, who assisted in the preparation of the volume, has on more than one occasion insisted publicly that it is not as creditable a performance as some, including myself, have thought it to be. When Campbell had turned the manuscript over to his publisher, Mr. Gundy, the latter was so disappointed that he asked Dr. Logan to do something to make it better; and the latter complied by adding within two days the items 201 to 251. That the additions form a distinct improvement is true enough, as the work of Marjorie Pickthall and others was incorporated through his wisdom. Yet, while I cannot consider it the perfect anthology from the standpoint of "pure poetry", and it is certainly incomplete as an historical survey, I have

never been able to dismiss it as cursorily as Dr. Logan. What is chiefly wrong with it now is that it is sadly out of date; and were it not for the magic of the Oxford imprint the book would probably have fallen into disuse before this. Without revision it is inconceivable that it will continue to attract buyers much longer, despite the many fine things among its contents.

Loath as I am to condemn a selection as well chosen as the "Oxford Book", its partial failure is due to Campbell's divided aim, of which we read in the Preface. His subsidiary intentions were to show that the imperialistic spirit in Canada was finer and stronger than the national, and that too much had been made of the poetry dating later than 1880. To accomplish his first minor end, he included some imperialistic verse—his own "England" for example—but in spite of him it is the national note that is more effective, and apparently it was not possible to keep it out. He did, like Dewart, rescue from the earlier literature beautiful poems, and made a braver showing for the pre-1880 poets than Rand, on the whole, had done. But the fact that he allowed them (including Mair) only 68 numbers, as against 132 for the "Group of '61" and its successors, is too obviously significant for comment. When Dr. Logan had tacked on his 50 poems, the post-1880 poets occupied almost three-quarters of the total space.

In "Canadian Poems and Lays", William Douw Lighthall was working to a better grounded purpose. His book was prepared for English publication to match a collection of Australian verse then being circulated in Great Britain. His object was to prove the high quality of Canadian poetry, and to illustrate the Canadian spirit by the best poetry that had been produced in the Dominion. He succeeded especially well in both aspects of his aim because it was not really a divided one; and his volume is devoid of such inferior specimens as detract from the literary beauty of Rand's, and achieved a harmony of thought that Campbell's lacks. There has been a division of the poems into sections entitled "The Imperial Spirit", "The New Nationality", "The Indian", "The Spirit of Canadian History", and so forth; but there has been no attempt to recite Canada's history in verse: it is the mood and temper of a people that comes out clearly in these pages, descriptions of their outward circumstances being secondary and incidental. The result is a fine inner unity on a high plane of expression. Those who are both lovers of poetry and lovers of Canada will find this little, pocket-sized book satisfying in a quiet, sure way. Naturally, the work of few poets is quoted (only 47 find places), and while it is a splendid introduction to the earlier writers, Rand's and Campbell's compilations must be consulted also by the careful

student, since they contain, between them, 88 poets not found in "Poems and Lays".

That closes the tally of all the anthologies that have lived more than a decade and are still in print. The remainder are all products of the last three years. Their compilers have had the whole poetic literature of Canada to choose from, down to the present—a wider opportunity than presented itself to the first named group.

"Our Canadian Literature", even in the enlarged form of its third edition, is the slightest of the collections that attempt to exemplify the poetry of Canada. More than half the book is prose. But it is not only in absence of bulk that this slenderness is felt: the robust and elemental have been systematically rejected in favor of the sweet and "wholesome", to borrow from the Preface a word that is rather strange to me as I have never seen any Canadian verse that is unwholesome. How carefully Drs. Watson and Pierce have stuck to the beaten road is seen in the fact that only 5 poets are included who may not be found elsewhere, which is the smallest number of "discoveries" in any of the 7 books, except that of Mr. and Mrs. Broadus, who make no serious effort to cover the field.

It is hard to sum up the Watson-Pierce production in positive terms. Its merits and faults are inherently negative. Though not weak, the contents lack strength: while errors of inclusion and omission of poets is at a

minimum, the collection as a whole manages to be unimpressive. Individually I approve of most of what I find in it; but there is a general lack of range, a want of greatness that leads to a feeling of inadequacy. If Canadian poetry is not more than this, I think, let us bury and forget it. That is a queer thought to have when I can count more than 20 of my favorite poems in it, and assent readily to the presence of scores more that are not so dear to me; and I account for it chiefly in the error of trying to cover the ground in space so restricted, which might be ample for masterpieces only, but not for masterpieces and examples of the work of 50 minor poets besides. You will note in the table that this collection gives less space to each poet than any other except Caswell's, with which no fair comparison can be made. Great care has been taken in selection, and, under the limitations, nothing much better could be produced. A fairly high level has been maintained: but it is a level, a plain with the peaks left, somehow, in the distance beyond its horizons. If the Verse Section cannot be swelled to fill a volume, half the contributors might be kicked out to allow some of the more expansive and more versatile gentlemen room to display their powers in typically lusty fashion.

The Broadus anthology is the last that I would care to recommend. Not only is it the smallest, but it is compiled with least concern for presenting fair evidence

of Canadian poetic achievement. Only a quarter of the book is devoted to verse, and literary excellence is made wholly subservient to the editors' desire to tell Canada's story by quotation from Canadian writers. Consequently the poets are used to describe "the Canadian Scene"; and those who did not happen to glorify bits of landscape were omitted to make room for inferior versifiers, like Oliver Goldsmith 2nd, who did. With the book's possible merits as a picture of Canada and its people I am not concerned, since our desire is to find a volume truly representative of the best in Canadian poetry; and therefore into this hybrid document we need not further go, beyond stating that the inclusion of generous quantities of the fine poetry of the French-Canadian, Louis Frechette, adds pages of the greatest value that cannot be compensated for in any of the others, which are confined to poets who composed in English.

Mr. Caswell's idea in "Canadian Singers and Their Songs" was to establish between poet and reader as intimate a relationship as possible, and to preserve personal records of the Canadian poets. To this end he has collected photographs and published a book containing 100 of them, each faced by a page of facsimile, holograph manuscript autographed by the author. An appendix of 43 pages is filled with biographical notes. There is a great deal to interest a student of our litera-

ture in such a volume—particularly in the handwriting of the ill-fated Albert Lozeau and others whose careers have been marked by especial tragedy or romance—but as an exposition of Canadian poetry the work has limitations too obvious to mention. As a reference book, it will increase in value with the years in proportion to the growing fame of the poets and the ever greater difficulty of duplicating the mementos. At present, it outshines all the others in its capacity to furnish idle amusement. The changing styles in hairdressing and headgear, in whiskers and neckwear, have already rendered grotesque some of the portraits. The strange expressions on many faces must be laid in charity upon the crudities of an early era in the development of the art of photography; but in some instances, alas, we are forced to the sad conclusion that heaven dowered these people richly in an intellectual and spiritual way at the expense of the physical. In the interests of art, the editor might, in a few places, have profitably devoted both pages to manuscript.

The appearance of the second edition of John W. Garvin's "Canadian Poets" after an interval of ten years, omitting 5 poets who found place in the earlier edition and including 28 new ones, recalls vividly the courage with which this anthologist acclaimed a decade ago many of the then new poets who are now universally accepted as worthy of the honor; and the present recog-

nition of the additional 28 proves the country's productivity in recent years. For Mr. Garvin, though always friendly to young and obscure talent, has not been quixotic in taking in the new-comers: usually he is not even original in doing so, having raised to the purple only 13 candidates who had not already won the favor of other anthologists whose collections were published between the dates of the first and second "Canadian Poets". More than any other of his tribe, Mr. Garvin's imprimatur is an authoritative acceptance of a poet's work. A comparison of the two editions will show that poets are accorded more or less space according to their relative deserts and fame at the moment; and it is his intention to continue the decennial revisions. Approximate justice is done, and the people demand no more of their courts of law. Both in poets and poems the selections would not always be my own, which is another way of saying that no anthology can ever be wholly satisfactory to any one except the compiler, whose individual taste is expressed in it.

Of the 7 anthologies now on the market, "Canadian Poets" is the best from which to form a conception of the wealth and variety of Canadian poetic literature down to the present because (1) no name of great importance has been left out; (2) it contains more lines of verse than any other, its superiority in this respect being greater than is apparent in the above table as the

pages are of considerably larger area than those in any other; (3) it contains more poems, allowing on the average almost double the number of selections to each poet than its nearest competitor does; (4) its photographs, of which there is one for each poet, are not so weird as Mr. Caswell's—perhaps because more recently taken, or perhaps because they generally show head and shoulders only; (5) it is thoroughly up to date; and (6) it is the only compilation that carries critical introductions. The first edition was criticized because some of these tributes were eulogistic. They have been supplied by critics of standing in Great Britain, the United States and Canada—William Archer, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Richard E. Burton, W. T. Allison, Pelham Edgar, R. H. Hathaway and others—and if you disagree, your quarrel is with these gentlemen, not with the anthologist.

Reasonably good judgment has been exercised. Fair and, above all, sufficiently lengthy and diverse samples are shown so that, from this properly expansive volume, one can make up his own mind whether the work of Canadian poets is worth reading; and if the decision should be in the negative, no one can complain, because the poets are here given greater chances to display their genius than in any other book in which they have been herded together. I am heartily in agreement with Mr. Garvin that important Canadian

poetry began with Sangster and Mair, and the "Group of '61" of which they were the forerunners, and proceeded onwards to the present day. Individual poems of worth were produced before the time of Mair, and these may be found in the anthologies of Dewart, Lighthall, Rand and Campbell and "Seranus"; but surely no earlier poet's career was significant enough to be remembered as those of Marjorie Pickthall and Bliss Carman shall continue to be held in esteem.

If the modern note that characterizes "Canadian Poets" annoys rather than elates you, the "Treasury" and the "Oxford Book" are at your command; and the still older "Poems and Lays" must be accounted choice reading no matter how fond you are of later work. Possibly a smaller and slightly cheaper book than "Canadian Poets", which covers the whole range more sketchily than it and illustrates Canadian prose also, will better fulfil the requirements of some purchasers; and they can be suited best by "Our Canadian Literature".

"A Wreath of Canadian Song" (1904)[10] by Mrs. C. M. Whyte-Edgar, while presenting some curious biographical information, is so thoroughly misrepresentative of Canadian poetry that I hoped it was out of print that I might not have to mention it. Since it is still being

[10] Ryerson Press, Toronto, $2.

advertised, I am forced to designate it the worst Canadian anthology I have ever seen. The greater number of quotations are mere fragments; and these are scattered haphazard through an anecdotal prose narrative. There is lack of system, lack of perspective and little discrimination. In extenuation we find that the impulse of the anthologist was to design a funeral tribute for the graves of our poets; and no poet alive in 1904 is named or quoted: at that time Archibald Lampman and Isabella Valancy Crawford were the only two important Canadian poets who had died, and the book is consequently filled with memoirs of the less gifted.

What has yet to be supplied is a small, rigorously exclusive volume of Canadian poetry, made up solely of verse of the highest charm and merit, regardless of authorship—a book that would have no room for the passable, but only for the best. Such a work would not only please lovers of poetry but would also serve to set before our poets a higher standard of excellence than they see in any of the anthologies now extant. In this connection, I regret that Lawrence J. Burpee's "Flowers from a Canadian Garden", being out of print, falls outside the scope of this discussion; for that group of 77 short lyrics by 17 poets stands as an indication of what might be accomplished if the task were undertaken in a more ambitious way.

The First Histories of Canadian Literature

THE FIRST HISTORIES OF CANADIAN LITERATURE

Seventy-five years ago, the President of Harvard College condemned a book by a Canadian author on the ground that no colonial government had ever evoked the nobility of character essential to greatness; and there are still those who scout the possibility of a Canadian literature. In Canada, racial subservience is by no means so certain as generally assumed. Nor does political limitation appear necessary. The chief features of the last five decades has been the development of national consciousness and the assumption of prerogatives in keeping with its spirit. To-day the forms of dependence are purely technical. In domestic, imperial, and foreign affairs, paradoxical as it may seem, the Dominion has achieved, in practice, the status of a nation. Is it unnatural then, to expect a reflection of this individualistic momentum in the realm of literature?

—RAY PALMER BAKER.

THAT Anglo-Saxon self-sufficiency, which led Laurence Binyon to exclude the poets of the Dominions and the United States from his "Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics", has been inherited by American critics, as is seen in Frances Newman's confessions of ignorance of Canadian literature in an article in "The Saturday Review of Literature". Her statement that Bliss Carman's was the only name she recognized in the index to Dr. Baker's history does not necessarily mean that

Haliburton is unworthy of consideration, any more than the omission by Sir Herbert Warren, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, in his estimate of Canadian poetry, of any allusion to Archibald Lampman, who has been called by Dr. Logan "the greatest poet that Canada has ever produced", may be considered a disparagement of Lampman's poetry. Both, rather, are indications of the limits of these critics' researches, and quite typical of the general lack of information in other countries of what Canada has achieved in literature.

This more or less natural indifference of English and American critics and readers to the state of culture in British North America has had the result of impressing upon Canadian writers a sense of their inferiority—sometimes, but not always, justified. It has probably deterred many authors from attempting the more ambitious kinds of work, and it has certainly prevented native critics from doing justice to those of their countrymen whose books are worthy to stand beside similar productions in Great Britain and the United States. The nationalistic sentiment and aspirations, which were present at least in germ from the earliest years of Canada's history as British territory and which resulted in the federation of the provinces in 1867, received unprecedented stimulus from the European recognition of Canada's national status during the late war. The formation of the Canadian Authors' Association in 1921,

bringing a healthy nationalism into letters, has greatly heightened the interest and pride of Canadians in their own writers; and the traditional wail, "We have no literature", which was an echo of unconsidered opinion in London and New York, is being challenged by the appearance of a number of historical studies in Canadian literature.

These are not, strictly speaking, the first histories of Canadian literature: Pelham Edgar's chapter on the subject in the "Cambridge History of English Literature", T. G. Marquis's thorough article in "Canada and Its Provinces" on the work of the English-Canadian writers, with its complementary article on the French-Canadian writers by Camille Roy, are highly informative; but none of them can be bought separately. If Sir John Bourinot's sketch is available, I have been unable to discover it. Therefore the three recent publications which I am about to discuss are the first in point of time to be printed independently—the only books ever issued simply to satisfy curiosity about Canadian literature.

Yet the inferiority tradition still holds power over Dr. MacMechan, whose brief outline[1] is apologetic in tone and whose habitual gesture of deprecation is less the unfavorable verdict of an austere critic than a be-

[1] "Headwaters of Canadian Literature" by Archibald MacMechan; McClelland and Stewart, Toronto; 247 pages; $2.25.

lated expression of an attitude now, fortunately, almost obsolete. The entire omission of John Richardson (1796-1852), for instance, may possibly be in deference to the example of the late Goldwin Smith, an anti-Canadian English essayist, who lived in Toronto during the late 1800's. But Richardson should not be so ignored, and it is hard to see how a thoughtful historian could ignore the first Canadian novelist to acquire an international reputation. Duncan Campbell Scott (1861—), supreme among Canadian poets for the perfection of his technique, according to the consensus of domestic and foreign critical opinion, escapes without a line of comment for no imaginable reason. But a critic who would divide between Ralph Connor and Lucy M. Montgomery (author of "Anne of Avonlea" and "Emily Climbs") a quarter of the space devoted to the last 30 years, is not to be taken altogether seriously. Other significant names among the mysteriously missing are: Pauline Johnson, Isabella Valancy Crawford, George Frederick Cameron, Charles Mair and Charles Sangster. Whether resulting from ignorance or prejudice, these omissions prove effectively the author's incompetence as a critical historian. I have purposely chosen names of 19th century writers, as in leaving out certain modern authors he may more reasonably plead that he was exercising a more austere judgment than other critics,

though I think his judgment is even more faulty when dealing with our contemporaries.

Still, though Dr. MacMechan's generalizations and individual evaluations must be taken with caution, his "Headwaters" gives a rough idea of the main trend of development; and he is quite alone in noticing the very considerable achievement in French-Canadian literature, to which two-fifths of his space is given. His chapters on the birth of English-Canadian literature in the Maritime Provinces, and on the epoch-making "Group of '61", are readable and, in the main, fair. His final chapter, dealing with the last quarter-century, is almost valueless because he gives up all effort at discrimination among the living and recently dead, and writes on the "best-sellers" of the period instead of on the works of literary merit regardless of commercial success. Marjorie Pickthall is the only creator of fine literature in this era who receives adequate treatment. His strictures on the usual "tameness" of Canadian fiction are justified: that has always been the chronic weak point of Canadian literature, though there has been a marked improvement during the last five years.

Pages are poor things with which to indicate the size of books. Logan's and French's "Highways"[2] contains

[2] "Highways of Canadian Literature" by J. D. Logan and Donald G. French; McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 418 pages; $3.50.

about five times as much matter as MacMechan's "Headwaters", and not sixty per cent. more as the paging would imply. Whereas MacMechan skims over surfaces, missing much, Logan and French present an encyclopædic quantity of particularized facts, and have thus contributed the comprehensive source-book that was needed before any extensive weeding-out could be done safely. There is a certain amount of redundancy, verbosity and hair-splitting, but on the whole the informative and critical value of "Highways" so far exceeds "Headwaters" that detailed comparison is as unnecessary as it would be unkind to the author of the latter.

From "Highways" one gets a clear conception of the fundamental fact that the poetry of Canada is, in the main, much better than its prose, and that in sheer bulk the Dominion's output is impressive: upwards of 300 writers are discussed. More than a quarter of the book is wisely allotted to lengthy consideration of the "Group of '61". Each member of it is assigned a separate chapter, within whose ample limits his work is illustrated by copious quotations and analyzed carefully. The section devoted to Pauline Johnson is particularly fine. There are chapters on the essayists, the critics, the hymn-writers; on the dramatists, the anthologists, the humorists; on, in short, almost every phase and subdivision into which it is possible to divide Canadian literature.

There has been a premature attempt to supply wholesale a critical terminology that was wholly lacking. Most of these tags will not stick, being too cumbersome and sometimes downright superfluous. Similarly, the meticulous pigeon-holing of nearly everybody into some "school" or "movement" is unsound, while the authors' efforts to substantiate the existence of a worthy Canadian literature are often wearying and will be incomprehensible to all who do not know that until recently Canadian critics, fearfully and without acumen, have been insistent that there was "no Canadian literature". The learned and courageous authors of "Highways" err, not in overstating their case, but in over-arguing it. Again and again, unnecessary comparisons are drawn between individual Canadian and English or American works. These are generally fair enough in the specific instance, but hasty readers will form erroneous notions as to the extent of the claims the authors are making. When sifted, these are found to be not extravagant, but the language used will lead many to believe the authors guilty of gross exaggerations, whereas they have merely been injudicious in method, and thereby laid themselves open to charges of silliness by those who do not understand the peculiar preconceptions this book is intended to correct.

Despite its wordiness, its involved and too-labored diction, and its altogether too frequent invocations of

English classics for unnecessary comparison, "Highways" is by all odds the safest guide for those seeking a knowledge of Canadian literature, its characteristics and its figures and their backgrounds and works. Omissions are rare: George Frederick Cameron and Tom MacInnes deserve places; but the vast majority of names of even secondary and tertiary importance are duly chronicled. One may wonder why the admittedly superior Lampman is accorded less space than Pauline Johnson; and why Wilson MacDonald, the rising star of Canadian poetry, who is already freely ranked with Scott, Carman, Lampman and Roberts, should be disposed of in three sentences, especially as one of those sentences begins: "If any Canadian has the right to the distinction of possessing *sheer* creative genius, that right belongs to Wilson MacDonald." (The italics are theirs.)

One may also be amused or annoyed, according to his temperament, over the to-do made about the claim that Haliburton (and again the italics are theirs) "*was the first humorist and satirist of the Anglo-Saxon peoples*". Of course he antedates Dickens and Artemus Ward, but Swift and Benjamin Franklin were before him. When the windy exposition reaches its close, we find that the whole thesis is built on the trick plural—a sort of pun. In the days of Swift and Franklin, the Anglo-Saxons were one people: after the American Revolution, they became three, with Canada as the hybrid third. Hali-

burton was the first considerable humorist and satirist after the Revolution and therefore *first* "of the Anglo-Saxon peoples". And two large pages are used to elucidate the dark mystery of that final mischievous "s"! But these are minor points. The book's merits far outweigh its faults, which are largely mistakes of method only: the judgments, with hardly an exception, are sound; and many truths that needed utterance are here found in print for the first time. Until a better appears, "Highways" is the ranking history of Canadian literature.

Professor Baker's book[3] is much the best planned and best written of the three, being a model of clarity and revealing a fine sense of proportion in its author; but it is limited in scope to the period ending 1867, and Canadian literary activity has been so much greater since then than before that it is deceptive as a general survey. Within his own field, however, Professor Baker is particularly good, and the information he gives about the origins of Canadian literature is of peculiar interest. For he develops the theme that the Loyalists brought with them the best culture of the old colonies and initiated the educational and literary life of Canada. All this is historical fact past dispute, but Baker elabor-

[3] "A History of English-Canadian Literature to the Confederation" by Ray Palmer Baker; Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.; 200 pages; $2.50.

ates and gives new life to the old story, his rarely engaging narrative achieving in the process something akin to plot interest.

A full-length study of Thomas Chandler Haliburton (1796-1865) naturally occupies premier place; but there is plenty of room for lesser lights also, and colorful items about them. It is sincerely to be hoped that Professor Baker has the time and inclination for the much wider researches that would enable him to continue his history down to the present.

Under the editorship of Dr. Lorne Pierce, the "Makers of Canadian Literature"[4], projected as a forty-volume set, are making their appearance at intervals. Ten have been issued. These are small, beautifully printed handbooks, giving more extended consideration to the more prominent Canadian writers than would be possible in a one-volume history. Each begins with a photograph of the author and a fifteen-page biography. This is followed by sixty pages or so of representative passages from his works, a critical estimate of about

[4] The following titles are now available: "Thomas Chandler Haliburton" by J. D. Logan; "Charles G. D. Roberts" by James Cappon; "William Kirby" and "John Richardson" by W. R. Riddell; "Stephen Leacock" by Peter McArthur; "William Henry Drummond" by J. F. MacDonald; "Isabella Valancy Crawford" by Katherine Hale; "Peter McArthur" by William Arthur Deacon; "Robert Norwood" by A. D. Watson; and "Louis Frechette" by Henri D'Arles; Ryerson Press, Toronto; $1.50 each. The last named is published in the French language only.

forty pages, and a complete bibliography. There is no effort at continuity beyond what the writers may happen to say about an author's relation to his times and to other authors. The chief virtue of the series is the freedom of the writers to approach their topics as they please, which makes for a freshness and originality of treatment impossible with too rigid a standardization.

Book-list

BOOK LIST

THE following titles are fairly representative of Canadian literary achievement. It is intended to furnish suggestions for the reading of works by Canadian authors. The list is not exhaustive, being limited to books which are reasonably creditable and still in print. Whenever possible, an author is represented by one book only—his best in the compiler's opinion.

Reference to the "Survey" will show how incomplete the list is. Joseph Howe's writings seem unprocurable. That delightful old standby of E. W. Thomson's, "Old Man Savarin", is definitely off the market at last. Marjorie Pickthall's "Drift of Pinions" cannot be had. Duncan Campbell Scott's "The Witching of Elspie" likewise. One's only chance of perusing Lawrence J. Burpee's "The Search for the Western Sea" lies in buying in the stray copy of the rare first edition at $20. Robert Norwood's "His Lady of the Sonnets" is among the missing. When it came to Sir Gilbert Parker, there was no choice: only two titles are available—in a wretchedly cheap edition. So we might go on numbering the casualties indefinitely. On the other hand, it is surprising that so many of the older books are still in demand, as evidenced by the fact that they are still for

sale. There is no difficulty in obtaining the whole or a substantial part of the work of every first rate Canadian poet from the advent of Mair in 1868 to the present.

Historical and other works primarily informative have generally been excluded.

An honest effort has been made to confine the list to Canadian authors. Thus many worthy books written in Canada have been left out: the absence of the names of Louis Hemon, E. Barrington and Frederick Niven will be noted. Laura Lee Davidson comes in as a semi-Canadian: she is an American citizen domiciled in Baltimore, who has spent a very large portion of each year in Canada for the last 20 years, owns her dwelling here, and has not only devoted her entire literary effort to describing and interpreting Canada and Canadians, but has shown in that work a sympathetic knowledge usually found only in the native. Harvey O'Higgins, and others who have been absorbed into American literature, cannot be considered Canadian authors. Miss Ostenso may have been improperly included, but I have given her the benefit of the doubt.

All publishers' addresses are Toronto unless otherwise stated. Prices are mentioned for readers' convenience; but the author takes no responsibility for changes or errors.

GENERAL

Master-Works of Canadian Authors: The Radisson Society; 25 vols., $100 to $375 the set.

BLAKE, W. H., *Brown Waters;* Macmillan; $1.75.

CALL, FRANK OLIVER, *The Spell of French Canada;* L. C. Page, Boston; $3.75.

CANUCK, JANEY, *Open Trails;* McClelland & Stewart, 50¢.

CHARLESWORTH, HECTOR, *Candid Chronicles;* Macmillan; $4.

DAVIDSON, LAURA LEE, *A Winter of Content;* Abingdon Press, New York; $2.

GROVE, FREDERICK PHILIP, *Over Prairie Trails;* McClelland & Stewart; $2.

HALIBURTON, THOMAS CHANDLER, *Sam Slick;* McClelland & Stewart; $2.50.

HAMMOND, M. O., *Confederation and its Leaders;* McClelland & Stewart; $3

HEMING, ARTHUR, *The Drama of the Forests;* Gundy; $5 or $2.

JAMESON, ANNA, *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada;* McClelland & Stewart; $2.50.

JOHNSON, PAULINE, *Indian Legends of Vancouver Island;* Musson; paper $1, cloth $1.50; McClelland & Stewart; cloth $1.75, leather $3.

KENTON, EDNA (ED), *The Jesuit Relations;* McClelland & Stewart; $5.

LAUT, AGNES, *Pathfinders of the West;* Macmillan; $1.50; Ryerson; $1.
The Fur Trade of America; Macmillan; $7.

LEACOCK, STEPHEN, *The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice;* Gundy; $1.50.

LOCKE, GEORGE H., *Builders of the Canadian Commonwealth;* Ryerson; $2.50.

MACBETH, R. G., *The Romance of the Canadian Pacific Railway;* Ryerson; $2.50.

MACDONALD, ADRIAN, *Canadian Portraits;* Ryerson; $2.

MACMECHAN, ARCHIBALD; *The Life of a Little College;* Allen; $2.25.

MACTAVISH, NEWTON, *The Fine Arts in Canada;* Macmillan; $7.50.
Thrown In; Macmillan; 75¢.

MARSH, E. L., *Where the Buffalo Roamed;* Macmillan; $1.60.

MCARTHUR, PETER, *Around Home;* Musson; $2.
Familiar Fields; Dent; 45¢.

MINER, JACK, *Jack Miner and the Birds;* Manly Miner, Kingsville, Ont.; $3.

MOODIE, SUSANNA, *Roughing it in the Bush;* McClelland & Stewart; $2.50.

MOORE, WM. HENRY, *The Commandments of Men;* Gundy; $1.50.

PIERCE, LORNE, *Marjorie Pickthall: A Book of Remembrance;* Ryerson; $5.

RIVARD, ADJUTOR, *Chez Nous;* McClelland & Stewart; cloth $2, leather $3.

ROBERTS, LLOYD, *The Book of Roberts;* Ryerson; $1.50.

TYRELL, J. W., *Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada;* Ryerson; $2.50.

FICTION

CLARKE, G. FREDERICK, *The Magic Road;* Ryerson; $2.

COALFLEET, PIERRE, *Hare and Tortoise;* McClelland & Stewart; $2.

CONNOR, RALPH, *The Man from Glengarry;* McClelland & Stewart; 75¢.

CORNELL, BEAUMONT, *Lantern Marsh;* Ryerson; $2.

DE LA ROCHE, MAZO, *Explorers of the Dawn;* Macmillan; $2.

Delight; Macmillan; $2.

DUNCAN, NORMAN, *Dr. Luke of the Labrador;* Revell, New York; $1.50.

DUNHAM, MABEL B., *The Trail of the Conestoga;* Macmillan; $2.

FRASER, W. A., *Mooswa;* Ryerson; $2.

GROVE, FREDERICK PHILIP, *Settlers of the Marsh;* Ryerson; $2.

HEMING, ARTHUR, *The Living Forest;* Gundy; $2.

KIRBY, WM., *The Golden Dog;* Musson; $2.

KNOX, GILBERT, *The Land of Afternoon;* Graphic Publishers, Ottawa; $2.

LEACOCK, STEPHEN, *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town;* Gundy; $1.50.

MACMECHAN, ARCHIBALD, *Sagas of the Sea;* Dent; 45¢.
Old Province Tales; McClelland & Stewart; $2.

MCKISHNIE, ARCHIE P., *Mates of the Tangle;* Musson; $2.

MOORHOUSE, HOPKINS, *The Gauntlet of Alceste;* Musson; 50¢.
The Golden Scarab; Musson; $2.

OSTENSO, MARTHA, *Wild Geese;* McClelland & Stewart; $2.

PARKER, SIR GILBERT, *Seats of the Mighty;* Copp Clark; 75¢.
The Right of Way; Copp Clark; 75¢.

PICKTHALL, MARJORIE, *Little Hearts;* McClelland & Stewart; $2.
Angels' Shoes; Musson; $2.

RICHARDSON, JOHN, *Wacousta;* Musson; $2; McClelland & Stewart; 75¢.

ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D., *In the Morning of Time;* Dent; 45¢ pocket ed; $1.75 ordinary.
Children of the Wild; Macmillan; $1.50.
Wisdom of the Wilderness; Macmillan; $1.50.

SALVERSON, LAURA GOODMAN, *The Viking Heart;* McClelland & Stewart; 75¢.

SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON, *Wild Animals I Have Known;* Ryerson; $3; Grosset; 75¢.

Lives of the Hunted; Ryerson; $3.

Biography of a Grizzly; Grosset; $1.

WALLACE, FREDERICK WM., *Salt Seas and Sailormen;* Musson; 50¢.

WHITEHOUSE, FRANCIS CECIL, *Plain Folks;* Graphic Publishers, Ottawa; $1.50.

POETRY

BOWMAN, LOUISE MOREY, *Moonlight and Common Day;* Macmillan; $1.50.

CARMAN, BLISS, *Sappho;* Musson; cloth $1.50, lambskin $2.

Ballads and Lyrics; McClelland & Stewart; $2.

Songs from Vagabondia; McClelland & Stewart; $1.50.

CRAWFORD, ISABELLA VALANCY, *Collected Poems;* Ryerson; $2.

CRICHTON, JOHN, *Pillar of Smoke;* Musson; $1.50.

DALTON, ANNIE CHARLOTTE, *Flame and Adventure;* Macmillan; $1.25.

DRUMMOND, WM. HENRY, *Collected Poems;* McClelland & Stewart; $2.50 to $25.

HALE, KATHERINE, *Morning in the West;* Ryerson; $1.25.

JOHNSON, PAULINE, *Flint and Feather;* Musson; cloth $2.25, calf $3, Persian $3.50, antique artcraft $3.50.

LAMPMAN, ARCHIBALD, *Lyrics of Earth;* Musson; $2.50.

MACDONALD, WILSON, *Out of the Wilderness;* Graphic Publishers, Ottawa; $2.

MACINNES, TOM, *Complete Poems;* Ryerson; $2.50.

MACKAY, ISABEL E., *Fires of Driftwood;* McClelland & Stewart; $1.75.

MAIR, CHARLES, *Tecumseh;* Ryerson; $2.

MOFFATT, GERTRUDE MACGREGOR, *A Book of Verses;* Macmillan; $1.50.

PICKTHALL, MARJORIE, *Little Songs;* McClelland & Stewart; cloth $1.50, lambskin $2.50.

PRATT, E. J., *The Witches' Brew;* Macmillan; $1.

The Titans; Macmillan; $1.50.

ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D., *Complete Poems;* L. C. Page, Boston; $3.50.

The Sweet O' the Year; Ryerson; 50¢.

SERVICE, ROBERT W., *Songs of a Sourdough;* Ryerson; cloth $1.50, miniature lambskin $1.25, miniature calf $1.50, cloth illustrated $2.

SCOTT, DUNCAN CAMPBELL, *Complete Poems;* McClelland & Stewart; $3.50.

PLAYS

DENISON, MERRILL, *The Unheroic North;* McClelland & Stewart; $2.

NORWOOD, ROBERT, *The Man of Kerioth;* McClelland & Stewart; $1.50.

FOR CHILDREN

COLE, CAROL CASSIDY, *Velvet Paws and Shiny Eyes;* Musson; 75¢.

HORNER, LESLIE, *Famous Canadian Stories Re-told for Children;* McClelland & Stewart; $2.

MACMILLAN, CYRUS, *Canadian Wonder Tales;* Gundy; $5.

MARQUIS, T. G., *The King's Wish;* Ryerson; $1.50.

ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D., *Around the Campfire;* Musson; $1.

SANDWELL, HELEN B., *The Valley of Color Days;* Musson; $2.

SAUNDERS, MARSHALL, *Beautiful Joe;* McClelland & Stewart; $1.

TRAILL, CATHERINE PARR, *Canadian Crusoes;* McClelland & Stewart; $2.

WALLACE, W. STEWART, *By Star and Compass;* Gundy; $1.25.

Where Canadian Poets May Be Found

Where Canadian Poets May Be Found

Name of Poet	Light-hall Poems and Lays 1889	Rand Treas-ury 1900	Camp-bell Logan Oxford Book 1913	Wat-son-Pierce Our Can. Lit. 3rd ed. 1923	Broad-us Book Can. Verse 1923	Cas-well Can. Singers 3rd ed. 1925	Gar-vin Can. Poets 2nd ed. 1926
Alden, Margaret H.	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Allen, Joseph A.	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Allen, Grant	..	x	x	..	..	..	..
ALLISON, W. T.	..	x	x	x	..	x	x
Almon-Hensley, S. M.	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Anderson, Duncan	..	x	..	..	x	..	..
Ardagh, Alice M.	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Argyll, Duke of	..	..	x	..	..	..	..
Armitage, W. J.	..	..	x	..	..	..	..
Ascher, Isadore G.	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Barlthorpe, Chas. H	..	..	..	x	..	..	..
Bathurst, John K	..	..	x	x	..	..	..
Baylis, S. M.	..	x	..	..	x	..	..
Beauregard, Blanche L.	..	..	..	..	..	x	..
Bengough, J. W.	..	x	..	..	..	x	..
Benson, Mary Josephine.	..	..	..	..	..	x	x
Betts, Craven L.	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Bishop, Blanche	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Blackadder, Edward	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Blackburn, Grace	..	..	..	x	..	..	x
BLEWETT, JEAN	..	x	x	x	..	x	x
Bourinot, Arthur S.	..	..	..	x	..	x	x
Bowman, Louise Morey	..	..	..	x	..	..	x
Breakenridge, John	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Brown, John Henry	..	x	x	..	..	..	..
Brownlow, Edward B.	..	x	x	..	..	..	..

Name of Poet	Lighthall Poems and Lays 1889	Rand Treasury 1900	Campbell-Logan Oxford Book 1913	Watson-Pierce Our Can. Lit. 3rd ed. 1923	Broadus Book Can. Verse 1923	Caswell Can. Singers 3rd ed. 1925	Garvin Can. Poets 2nd ed. 1926
Butchard, Reuben	..	..	..	..	..	x	..
Caldwell, James E.	..	..	x	..	..	..	..
Call, Frank Oliver	..	..	..	x	..	x	x
Callaghan, Francis	..	..	..	x	..	..	..
CAMPBELL, WM. WILF'D	x	..	x	x	x	x	x
CAMERON, GEO. FRED.	x	x	x	x	..	..	x
CARMAN, BLISS	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Chandler, A. H.	..	x	x	..	..	..	..
Chapman, Edward J.	..	x	x	..	..	..	..
Charlesworth, Hector	..	..	x	..	..	..	..
Christie, Annie R.	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Clark, A. F. Bruce	..	..	x	..	..	..	..
Clarke, Elspeth Honeyman	..	..	..	..	..	x	..
Clarke, George Herbert	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Cochran, Hugh	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Cockin, H. K.	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Cody, H. A.	..	..	..	..	..	..	x
Coleman, Helena	..	..	x	x	..	x	x
Cotes, Sara J. D.	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
CRAWFORD, ISABELLA V.	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Crichton, John	..	..	..	..	..	..	x
Crofton, F. B.	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Currie, John A.	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Currie, Margaret G.	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Curzon, Sarah Anne	x	x	x	..	..	x	..
Cushing, Elizabeth L.	..	..	x	..	..	..	..
Dalton, Annie C.	..	..	..	..	..	..	x
Darnell, Henry F.	..	..	x	..	..	..	..
Davin, Nicholas Flood	x	x	x	..	..	x	..
De Mille, A. B.	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
De Mille, James	x	x	..	..	..	..	..

Name of Poet	Light-hall Poems and Lays 1889	Rand Treas-ury 1900	Camp-bell Logan Oxford Book 1913	Wat-son-Pierce Our Can. Lit. 3rd ed. 1923	Broad-us Book Can. Verse 1923	Cas-well Can. Singers 3rd ed. 1925	Gar-vin Can. Poets 2nd ed. 1926
Deslaulniers, Gonzalve	..	..	..	..	..	x	..
Dewart, Edward H	.	x	..	..	..	x	..
Dixon, F. A	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Dollard, James	..	..	..	x	..	x	x
Duncan, J. C. M	..	..	x	..	..	..	..
Durkin, Douglas	..	..	..	..	..	x	..
DRUMMOND, WM. H	..	x	x	x	x	x	x
EATON, ARTHUR W. H	x	x	..	x	x	..	x
Edgar, James D	x	x	..	x	..	..	..
Fairbairn, Helen	x	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fairbanks, Constance	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Faulkner, Mrs. R. G	..	..	x	..	..	..	..
Ferguson, John H	..	..	..	x	..	..	..
F., E. T	..	..	x	..	..	..	..
"Fleurange"	x	..	..	..	..	..	..
Foran, J. K	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Fraser, Alexander L	..	..	x	..	..	x	..
Fraser, J. A	x	..	..	..	..	..	..
Frechette, Louis	..	..	..	..	x	x	..
Frechette, Pauline	..	..	..	..	.	x	..
Fuller, W. H	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Garvie, A. R	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Garvin, John W	..	..	..	x	..	..	x
Gill, Charles	..	..	..	..	..	x	..
Goldsmith, Oliver	..	..	..	..	x	..	..
Gordon, Alfred	..	..	..	..	..	x	x
Graham, Jean	..	..	x	..	..	..	..
Grey, Margery Berridge	..	..	x	..	..	..	..
Hagarty, Sir J. H	..	..	x	..	..	..	..
Hale, Katherine	..	..	x	x	..	x	x
Hamilton, P. S	..	x	..	..	..	..	..

Name of Poet	Lighthall Poems and Lays 1889	Rand Treasury 1900	Campbell-Logan Oxford Book 1913	Watson-Pierce Our Can. Lit. 3rd ed. 1923	Broadus Book Can. Verse 1923	Caswell Can. Singers 3rd ed. 1925	Garvin Can. Poets 2nd ed. 1926
HARRISON, S. FRANCES.	x	x	..	x	..	x	x
Haultain, T. A.	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Haweis, Lionel	..	..	..	..	..	..	x
Heavysege, Charles	x	x	x	x			..
Herbin, John F	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Herriman, Dorothy C	.	..	..	..	..	..	x
Hodgins, James C	.	x	..	x	..	..	..
Holland, Norah				x	..	x	x
Hooke, Hilda Mary	.	..	..	x	..	x	x
Howe, Joseph		x	x	..	x	x	..
Huestis, Annie C	..	x	..	x	..	x	x
Hunter-Duvar, John	x	x	x	.	..		..
Hunt, Wm. E	..	x	.			.	..
Huntingdon, Richard	.	x		..	.	..	..
Jakeway, Chas. E		x		.	.	..	..
Jocks, John Waniente	x		..			..	.
JOHNSON, E. PAULINE	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Jones, K. L	x	.		.	..	.	..
Kernighan, Robt. K	..	x	..	..	..	x	..
Kirby, Wm	x	x	x	..	..	x	..
Knight, Matt R.	.	x	.	.	..	..	..
LAMPMAN, ARCHIBALD	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Langstaff, James Miles				..	..	x	..
Lanigan, Geo. T.	..	..	..	..	..	x	..
Lawson, Mary J. K.	x	x	..		.	.	..
Lazenby, Chas. A.		..	x	..	.	..	..
Lee, Sophia G. V	.	x	..	..	..	.	..
Lefevre, Lily A.	..	x	..		..	..	..
Leprehon, R. E. Mullins	x	x	..	..	..	..	..
Leveridge, Lilian	..	..	..	x	..	x	..
LIGHTHALL, WM. DOUW	x	x	x	x	..	x	x

Name of Poet	Lighthall Poems and Lays 1889	Rand Treasury 1900	Campbell Logan Oxford Book 1913	Watson-Pierce Our Can. Lit. 3rd ed. 1923	Broadus Book Can. Verse 1923	Caswell Can. Singers 3rd ed. 1925	Garvin Can. Poets 2nd ed. 1926
Livesay, Florence R	.	..	..	x	..	x	x
Livingstone, Stuart	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Lockhart, Arthur J	x	x	.	..	..	x	..
Lockhart, Burton W	.	x	..	..	..	..	..
Logan, John D	..	..	x	x	..	x	x
Logan, John E	x	x	x	..	..	..	..
Lozeau, Albert	..	..	..	..	..	x	..
Machar, Agnes Maule	x	x	x	..	..	x	..
MacColl, Evan	.	x	x	..	..	..	..
MacDonald, Eliz. R		x	..	x	..	x	..
MacDonald, J. E. H		..	..	x	..	..	..
Macdonald, Peter		..	x	..	..	..	..
MacDonald, Wilson	..	..	..	x	..	x	x
Macfarlane, John	.	x	..	..	..	..	..
MacInnes, Tom	.		..	x	..	x	x
Mackay, Isabel E	..	..	x	x	..	x	x
MacKay, Louise Alexander	..	..	..	..	..	x	..
MacKenzie, George A	..	..	x	x	..	..	..
MacKinnon, Cecilia	..	..	..	..	..	..	x
MacLean, Kate S	..	x	.	..	..	..	..
MacLeod, Eliz. H	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
MacMechan, Archibald	..	..	..	..	..	..	x
MacNeil, A. D	..	x	..	.	..	..	..
MacTavish, Newton	..	..	x	..	..	..	..
MAIR, CHARLES	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Manning, James Harold	..	..	..	..	..	..	x
Marshall, Wm. E	..	..	x	x	..	x	x
Martin, George	x	x	x	..	..	..	..
Mason, Walt	..	..	..	.	..	x	..
McArthur, Daniel Carman	..	..	..	..	..	x	..
McArthur, Peter	..	..	x	..	..	x	x

Name of Poet	Lighthall Poems and Lays 1889	Rand Treasury 1900	Campbell-Logan Oxford Book 1913	Watson-Pierce Our Can. Lit. 3rd ed. 1923	Broadus Book Can. Verse 1923	Caswell Can. Singers 3rd ed. 1925	Garvin Can. Poets 2nd ed. 1926
McCaig, Donald	..	x	..	..			
McCarroll, James	..	x	x	x	..	..	
McCollum, Alma F	..	..	x	..	..	x	..
McCrae, John	..	..	..	x	x	x	x
McCully, Laura E	..	..	..	x	..	..	x
McDonnell, John F	..	..	x				
McDonnell, Wm	..	x	..	..	..	..	
McEvoy, Bernard	..	x	..	..	..	x	
McGee, Thos. D'Arcy	x	x	x	x	x	x	
McGeorge, Rev. R. J	..	..	x	..	..	..	
McKellar, Duncan A	..	..	..	..	..	x	
McKenzie, Wm. P	..	x	..	..	..	..	
McLachlan, Alex	x	x	x	..	x	x	
McLennan, Wm	x	..	x	..	..	x	
McManus, Emily	..	..	x				
McPherson, John M	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
Merrill, Helen M	..	x	x	x	..	x	x
Middleton, Jesse E	..	..	x	x	..	x	x
Miller, H. T	..	..	..	x	..	..	
Milligan, J. Lewis	..	..	..	x	..	x	..
Moffatt, Gertrude M	..	..	..	..	..	..	x
Montgomery, Lucy M	..	..	..	x	..	x	x
Moodie, Susanna	x	x	x	x	x	x	..
Morgan, Mary	..	x	..	..	..	..	
Morin, Paul	..	..	..	..	..	x	..
Morton, Irene E	..	x	..				
Mountain, Bishop G. J	..	..	x	..	..	..	
Muir, Alexander	..	..	..	..	..	x	
Mulvaney, Chas. P	..	x	x				
Murray, George	x	x	x				
Nickerson, H. M		x					

Name of Poet	Lighthall Poems and Lays 1889	Rand Treasury 1900	Campbell Logan Oxford Book 1913	Watson-Pierce Our Can. Lit. 3rd ed. 1923	Broadus Book Can. Verse 1923	Caswell Can. Singers 3rd ed. 1925	Garvin Can. Poets 2nd ed. 1926
Norwood, Robert		..	..	x	..	x	x
O'Brien, C		x	..	..	..	.	
Odell, Jonathan		..	..	..	x	..	.
O'Hagan, Thomas		x	..	..	..	x	..
Osborne, Marian			.	.	.	..	x
Ostenso, Martha				.	.	x	.
Parker, Sir Gilbert		x	..	..	..	..	x
Parkinson, Amy		x	..	..	..	x	.
Phelps, Arthur L			x	x	..	x	x
PICKTHALL, MARJORIE	..	..	x	x	x	x	x
Pocock, H. R. A	x	..		.			
Pollock, F. L		x	..	..	..	..	
Pratt, E. J		.	..	x	..	x	x
Proctor, J. J		..	x	.	..		..
Ramsay, Andrew		x	..				..
Ramsay, J. R		..	x	..	..	..	..
RAND, THEODORE H		x	x	x	..	x	x
Ratcliffe, Walter	..	x	..	..	..	..	
Reade, John	x	x	x	..	..	x	
Redpath, Beatrice		..	..	x	..	x	x
Reid, Robert	..	x	..	..	x		
Richardson, John	x	..	..	.		.	.
ROBERTS, CHAS. G. D	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Roberts, Lloyd		..	..	x	..	x	x
Roberts, Theodore		x	x	..	..	x	x
Roberts, Wm. Carman		x	x		.	.	.
Romanes, G. John	..	x			..	..	
Rothwell, Annie	x	..	..	..	..	..	
Routhier, Adolphe B		..	..	..	..	x	.
Ryan, Carroll		x	..	..	..	..	..
Salverson, Laura G		..	..	..	..	x	..

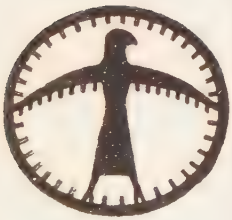
Name of Poet	Light-hall Poems and Lays 1889	Rand Treas-ury 1900	Camp-bell-Logan Oxford Book 1913	Wat-son-Pierce Our Can. Lit. 3rd ed. 1923	Broad-us Book C. Verse 1923	Cas-well Can. Singers 3rd ed. 1925	Gar-vin Can. Poets 2nd ed. 1926
SANGSTER, CHARLES	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Scott, Colin A.	..	..	x	..	..	..	..
SCOTT, DUNCAN C.	x	x	x	x	..	x	x
SCOTT, FREDERICK G.	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Scrace, Richard.	..	..	x	..	..	..	x
Scriven, Joseph	..	..	..	..	..	x	..
Service, Robert W.	..	..	x	x	..	x	x
Shanly, C. D.	x	x	x	..	..	..	..
Sharman, Lyon	..	..	..	..	..	..	x
Sheard, Virna	..	..	x	x	..	x	x
Sherman, Francis	..	x	x	..	..	..	..
Skinner, Constance L.	..	..	..	..	..	..	x
Smith, Goldwin	..	x	..	..	..	x	.
Smith, Lyman C.	..	x	..	..	..	.	..
Smith, Wm. Wye	x	x	..	x	..	..	.
SMYTHE, A. E. S.	..	x	x	x	..	x	x
Spencer, H. L.	..	x			.		..
Stafford, E. H.	..	x	..	..	..		..
Stansbury, Joseph	..	..	..	..	x	..	.
Stead, Robert	..	..	..	x	..	x	..
Stephen, A. M.	..	..	..	..	..	..	x
Stewart, A. C.	..	x	..		.		.
Stewart, Phillips	..	x	x		.	..	.
Straton, Barry	x	x	..	..	..	..	.
STRINGER, ARTHUR	..	x	x	x	x	x	x
Stuart, John L.	..	x	..	..	..	..	..
SULLIVAN, ALAN	..	x	x	x	..	x	x
Sullivan, Archibald	..	..	x	..	..	x	..
Summers, Eve B.	..	..	..	..	..	x	..
Talon-Lesperance, John	x	..	x		..	..	..
Taylor, Frances Beatrice			..	.	..	x	x

Name of Poet	Light-hall Poems and Lays 1889	Rand Treas-ury 1900	Camp-bell Logan Oxford Book 1913	Wat-son-Pierce Our Can. Lit. 3rd ed. 1923	Broad-us Book Can. Verse 1923	Cas-well Can. Singers 3rd ed. 1925	Gar-vin Can. Poets 2nd ed. 1926
Tennyson, Bertram		x					
Thomas, Hartley M						x	
THOMSON, E. W	x	x	x	x	..	x	x
Thomson, John Stuart		x	x	..	..	..	..
Trotter, Bernard F			..	x	x	x	x
Tucker, James A			x	..	..	..	..
Waddington, John F.			..		..	x	..
Wallace, W. Stewart		..	x			..	..
Ward, Aileen				..	..	x	..
Waters, Francis D		x	..			..	
Watson, Albert D	..	..	x	x	..	x	x
Weir, Arthur	x	x	x	..	..	..	..
WETHERALD, ETHELWYN	..	x	x	x	..	x	x
Wilson, Anne Elizabeth			..	..		x	
Wilson, Sir Daniel		..	x			..	
Withrow, Wm. H	..	x					
Wright, R. W		x		..		..	
W., G. F		x	..	..	..	..	..
Yeoman, Eric M	..	..	x	..	..		
York, Eva Rose		x	..		..		
Yule, Pamela Vining		x	x				

A NOTE ON THE TYPE IN WHICH THIS BOOK IS SET

The type face which has been used in the composition of this book is Monotype No. 21, commonly called "Binney". It bears the workmanlike quality and freedom from "frills" so characteristic of English old styles in the period prior to the "modern" letter. It gives an evenly textured page that may be read with a minimum of eye strain. Although one of the earliest type faces they produced, it is still one of the most popular in the matrix library of the Monotype Company.

SET UP AND PRINTED BY THE GRAPHIC PUBLISHERS, LIMITED
OTTAWA, ONT. - PAPER IS DOVEDOWN FEATHERWEIGHT
MANUFACTURED BY THE PROVINCIAL PAPER MILLS
LIMITED AT MILLE ROCHES, ONT. - COVER
DESIGN BY ALAN B. BEDDOE.



OTHER GRAPHIC BOOKS

THE LAND OF AFTERNOON
$2.00 GILBERT KNOX $2.00
A Satire on Politics and Society.

PATTERING FEET $1.50
ARTHUR S. BOURINOT
A volume of Canadian Childhood Verse.

PLAIN FOLKS $1.50
FRANCIS CECIL WHITEHOUSE
A Cross-Section of Life from a Real Canadian Prairie Town.

SHACKLES $2.00
MADGE MACBETH
A novel dealing with Women's Revolt against the Shackles of To-day.

OTHER GRAPHIC BOOKS

THE FIGHTING BISHOP $1.50
THOS. B. ROBERTON

Essays on Bishop Strachan, Sir Francis Bond Head and the Days of '37.

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS
$2 WILSON MACDONALD $2

Poems by Canada's Greatest Poet

NEW FURROWS $2.00
FLOS JEWELL WILLIAMS

A Story of a Belgian Immigrant Girl in the Alberta Foothills.

THE LONG DAY $2.00
W. S. DILL

Reminiscences of the Yukon in the "Rush Days" that will give a laugh

POTEEN

WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON

Cover & Jacket by

Alan B. Beddoe

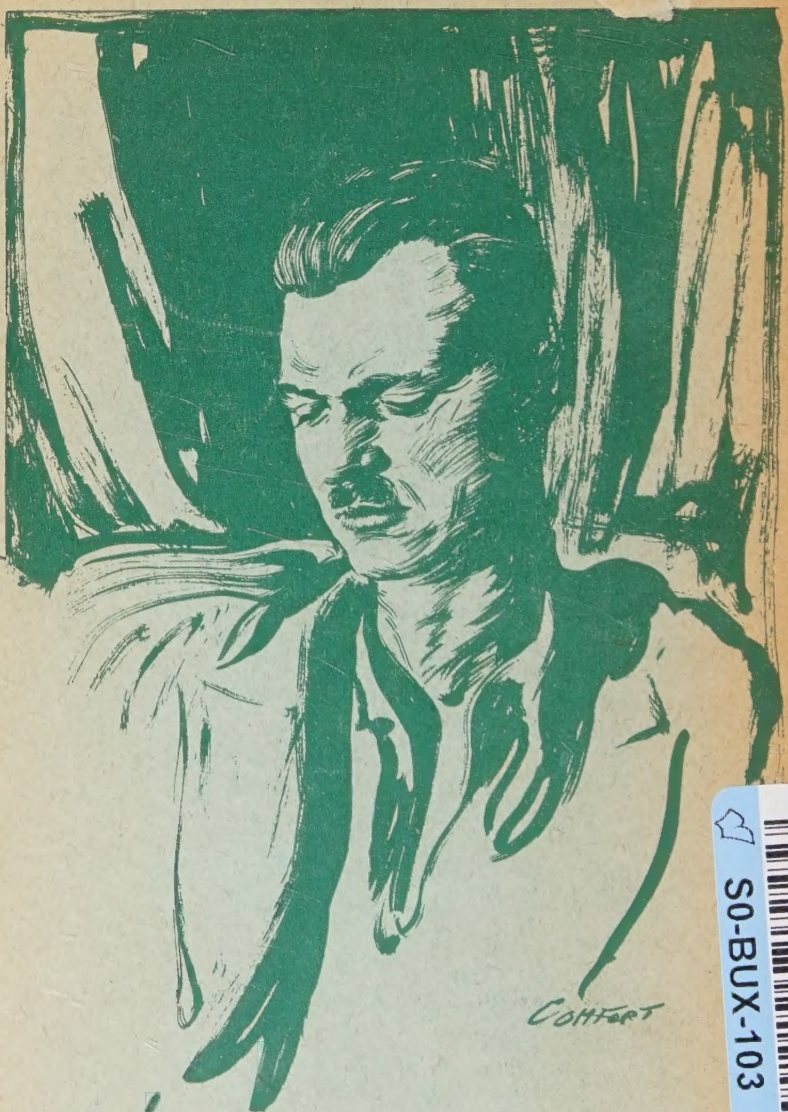
William Arthur Deacon, the author of "POTEEN", is a lawyer by profession, having graduated from the University of Manitoba in 1918. He seems to have been bred to the law, as his father, the late W. H. Deacon, was a well-known lawyer in the Ottawa valley.

Mr. Deacon has had a varied career, having worked as clerk, salesman, lawyer, critic and contributor to such mediums as the New York Times Book Review, Literary Review of New York Evening Post, University Magazine and other equally well-known publications. He is now Canadian correspondent of the Saturday Review of Literature (New York), and a member of the contributing staffs of Literary Review of New York Evening Post and International Book Review (New York). He also contributes to: American Mercury, New York Times Book Review, Christian Science Monitor, Willison's Monthly, etc.

In May, 1922, he was appointed Literary Editor of Saturday Night—a position he still holds. He is undoubtedly the best-known Canadian critic, and his reviews in the columns of Saturday Night are not encumbered with the conventionalities and tabus that impede the thinking of many of our writers to-day. What he says on whatever subject is quite bare of the customary obviousness and irresolution. The man is without illusions as to his powers as a critic.

"POTEEN" is the third volume from his pen. The first was "Pens and Pirates" and the second was "Peter McArthur" in the "Makers of Canadian Literature". The present volume has more to say than "Pens and Pirates" and it says it with manifest conviction and incisiveness.

The back cover reproduction of the author is a reproduction of a portrait of the author by that brilliant young artist, Charles Comfort, which attracted wide and favorable attention when it was hung at the Canadian National Exhibition (Toronto) in 1926.



WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON Author of "POTEE

S0-BUX-103